

THE REPOSITORY.: A Ghost Story.

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shuffled on as slowly as before. To pass the night in so solitary a place; to be washed away by the mountain torrent; to be crushed by falling trees, or to seek repose on a nest of snakes, were thoughts which did not serve to soften the quick and heavy pulses of my heart. However, I jogged on, and was soon cheered by a faint ray of light which flickered through the "darkness visible." I breathed again; the idea of coming off with whole bones and dry clothes was balm to my depressed spirits, and on I went anxiously keeping the happy beacon in view. Sometimes it would seem to expire, and hope almost expired with it: then again it would burst upon my sight in its fullest splendour, and with its cheerful flames, my hope would rekindle.

After much trouble and danger I reached the goal of my hopes. By the help of frequent flashes of lightning, I could perceive that it was a crazy old fabric, whose patched front and roof showed how the hand of time had defeated all the care and industry of its owner. The windows were small, and for want of glass, excellent substitutes were used,—old hats, coats and shingles!—Through one pane (which had miraculously escaped the assault of many a hail storm) shone the solitary light which had shed such a comfort on my bosom.

The neighing of my horse and a loud halloo soon brought a round chubby faced old Dutchman to the door. I informed him of my perplexing situation, and received a hearty welcome. I was introduced into the room: gloom and silence held dominion even to the chimney corner, and the dusty cobwebs hung like rotten tapestry from the walls. Over a few dying embers sat an old woman, the last remnant of mortality. Her keen black eyes were watching the expiring blaze of the faggots, which ever and anon darted ghostly radiance over her withered countenance. "Goody!" said mine host; "the stranger asks a lodging for the night.—Stir about and prepare a bed."—"Anan?" replied she, without turning her eyes from the embers, "the wind blows keen over the bull-bat's nest, the owl has screamed thrice in mine ear, and the gray hen has crowed!—Ill luck comes with the traveller, mark my words, Hans!"—But Hans heeded her not; pointing to a stool he begged me to be seated. I found him quite communicative: he recounted the whole history of the family, and told me legend upon legend. Each glen, each nook and each tree could bear witness to some deed of horror. Headless goblins, mysterious lights, wandering spectres. &c. &c. Now and then the old woman put in a shrill note, for ever boding evil. At length I retired to the loft assigned to my use; and, agitated by a thousand strange feelings, threw myself upon a crazy bed. My thoughts naturally turned upon the dreadful stories which I had just heard. The room I occupied perchance had been the stage of murder!—the blood ran coldly through my veins, and I felt as if I had a thousand daggers rankling in my heart. Long and heavy peales of thunder shook the building, and pale streaks of lightning flickered through the apartment.—I shut my eyes that I might see nothing, and imagined all that a distracted brain could imagine. A dead silence reigned around, when suddenly a shrill cry of "Wo—wo—wo!" accompanied by a rustling noise congealed my very heart's blood. I started from my pillow and beheld two glaring eyes staring me full in the face!—I wiped the cold drops of sweat from my brow, and seizing my boot cast it with all the force of indignation at the intruder's head; it stretched its broad wings, and I saw no more of it—It was an owl!

glare pervaded the chamber, and, oh horror!—a form stood before me covered with a shroud streaming with blood! Its throat was cut from ear to ear, and its whole face seemed alive with worms!—I strove to rise from my bed and rush to the door, but some invisible power held me down. The spectre kept its rayless and sunken eyes upon me, while it motioned with its hand and bade me rise and follow. I would rather have been excused, but a bloody dagger lowered above me; so, trembling at every joint, I arose, and as I drew near the figure it receded, breathing from its nostrils a livid flame which savoured of sulphur and putrefaction. I staggered on; it still beckoned:—the door was opened by unseen hands, and we went through. I looked round to see if there was any chance of escape, when the phanm touttered a wild shriek, and baring its mouldering arm, clasped me within its embrace. The ground opened, and together we sunk into an unfathomable abyss amid sulphurous flames and the loud yells of myriads of ghosts. I struggled—I shrieked—I kicked—I awoke! and found myself grappling with old Hans, mingling my shouts with those of the old beldam! It appears I had walked in my sleep, and fallen through a broken part of the floor just over Hans' bed

THE REPOSITORY.

From the Ladies' Literary Port Folio.

A Ghost Story.

"Out of their dark abodes
"I have roused up the screech-owls. Through the rents
"Of the gray mouldering walls they are fled out,
"Into the hated daylight—fear'st thou them?
"There seizes me a horror."

NIGHT overtook me as I descended a dark ravine; the purple clouds were wheeling into the air, and vivid streaks of lightning accompanied by loud pealing thunder, warned me to seek shelter from the approaching storm. My horse, wearied by a hard day's journey over rocks and through floods, moved lazily on, feeling his path, and starting at every gust of wind that hurried through the groaning forest. In vain I spurred his flanks, he only jumped and then

ELIAN WALTERS.

A TALE OF HALLOW EVE

IN a climate changeable as that of Britain, and where the difference between one season of the year and another is so great and so striking, it is not much to be wondered that our unsophisticated ancestors, in the simplicity of their hearts, should have celebrated with customs and festivities, peculiar to themselves, such changes of times and seasons; or that their descendants should even still retain among them many of their "sports and pastimes," though others may have been abandoned as rude and barbarous, or have been so altered or modified, that they would not be recognised as the same by the wiser generations of departed centuries. In the metropolis, and in other large and populous cities and towns, Christmas is almost the only season regarded with anything like a real and genuine feeling of enjoyment and participation: but the more sequestered portions of the sea-girt isle, and especially in those places where busy, meddling commerce, with its attendant innovations, has not as yet usurped an arbitrary and despotic dominion, there are other high-days and holidays observed with as great, if not with greater exactness and attention than this feast of turkeys and roast beef; and which afford to those who have partaken of their sports, as brilliant and pleasing reminiscences, though perhaps of a description widely different. An approach to any of these land-marks of the sea of life, cannot fail to awaken in the mind a variety of mournfully pleasing recollections: and it is this circumstance which has occasioned the following plain and unvarnished narrative to be given to the world.

On the summit of a bleak and lofty range of hills, in a part of the country to which I was utterly a stranger, and at a considerable distance from any human dwelling, I beheld (last Hallow Eve) the sun descend in—

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to its ocean bed, and gazed in admiration at its setting beauties; and it was while watching, in blissful unconsciousness, the disappearance of the last streak of light in the western horizon, that the rapid whirring of a bat awoke me from my reverie, and I started up to find myself overtaken by the clouds and shadows of approaching night. My first impulse was to retrace my footsteps, and endeavour to discover the pathway by which I had ascended to my present elevated situation; but this was a task of greater difficulty than I had anticipated, and I soon missed my way, and found myself alone and absolutely involved in almost pitchy darkness. The moon, which according to my reckoning should have risen at least half an hour before, was either not up, or else so obscured by murky clouds, as to be perfectly invisible—not a star looked out "through the dark curtains of the night"—while the wind, which blew with considerable keenness, kept up such a doleful and dreary concert among the gaps and cliffs of the surrounding hills as would have appalled a stouter heart than mine. I, however, continued my way—if such it might be called—in tolerable spirits, hoping at every step to be blessed with a glimpse of some friendly light from below, since those above me refused to aid me with their beams. At length, though nothing greeted the sense of sight, that of hearing was regaled with the distant sound of a church clock striking the hour of eight. In the plight I then was, the bell which communicated to me this intelligence, was worth its weight in gold; and immediately profiting thereby, I directed my footsteps towards that point of the compass whence its notes appeared to proceed, and began to descend cautiously and warily, until I gained, at last, a path on level ground. As I advanced slowly along my new line

of march, I fancied I could smell a wood fire at no very great distance off, and congratulated myself upon being in the vicinity of some rustic habitation; nor was I mistaken: a few paces more brought to my sight a faint flickering ray, which I discovered, upon a nearer approach, to escape from a crack in the window-shutter of a cottage, before which I now found myself standing, and to the entrance of which I was easily directed, by the sound of human voices. Placing my ear to the broad key-hole of the door, I was enabled to distinguish the notes of male and female tongues, which, however, upon my first knock, though humble as that of a needy medicant, ceased immediately. I received no answer, and again I knocked—and yet again, increasing each time in boldness, and aiding the third salutation with a loud shout for admission. At length the door was opened, and by one whose bald head and the straggling locks of grey, which hung over his shoulders, gave him a peculiarly venerable appearance. He welcomed me into his cottage with a good-natured smile, and in answer to my request for a night's repose beneath the shelter of his roof, told me I was truly welcome to such sorry accommodation as his humble dwelling afforded; adding, by way of excuse for his not having opened the door before, that the young folks would not do so, because the girls were afraid of admitting an unwelcome guest, and the boys were too well satisfied with their old sweethearts, to wish for new ones. I soon reached the family rendezvous, and was introduced to those who were there assembled: two hale looking young men, each with a rosy cheeked maiden seated beside him, upon a long bench, which was placed slantway before the fireplace; while, upon the broad white-washed stone-hob, a little fat urchin sat, pleasing himself with munching a half-roasted apple, which was almost too large for his puny grasp, and ever and anon casting a glance of mingled fear and suspicion up the

capacious chimney, which gaped above his head.

A long rope of the same fruit was suspended before the fire, undergoing the process of roasting; the table was covered with hazel nuts, the shells of which were cracking in the bright red flame that illumined the apartment with a strong though flickering light, and eclipsed the feeble rays of one solitary candle. The shortest form which could be found, was brought to the fire-place for my accommodation, and the aged sire seated himself in a large easy straw chair, which was, in truth, the only chair that the room appeared to contain; though there were benches enough to have seated half a parish; and these, barring all other outward and visible signs, which however were not wanting, were of themselves sufficient to indicate that my generous host followed the useful and important occupation of a village schoolmaster.

As I seated myself, somewhat awkwardly I fear, upon my lowly seat, I noticed the maidens smiling archly at each other; but my attention was forthwith called off by the lord of the birch and ferula presenting me with as fine an apple as ever graced orchard or garden ground, and which, at his earnest request, I eat *instantly*.

"Sir," said he, "as you seem to be a stranger to this part of the country, you are not perhaps aware that it is our custom, as it has been that of our forefathers before us, to eat nothing but fruits on the eve of All Hallows; and also to observe this night with certain rights and ceremonies, of which, however, the girls can best give you an account; unless, indeed, they are afraid to betray the secrets of things to come, and of being punished for so doing, by meeting some ghastly figure in a long white shroud, the very next time they chauce to pass the church-yard after sun-set. Why, Sarah! you look half dead with fright already girl! What hast thou seen?"

"Oh, the devil's foot down the chimney, to be sure!" exclaimed her

fair companion, laughing; and the nimbleness and agility with which the before-mentioned youngster leapt from off the hob, made us all join in her merriment. The poor little fellow looked sadly terrified, and would doubtless have sworn to his having seen, not the foot only, but the whole form and figure of his sable majesty; and indeed I myself almost fancied, for a moment, that I could distinguish something *black* there.

"Fie, Elian, fie," said her father, "I'll lay my life on't you've frightened poor Sarah, and your little brother so, that they won't be able to eat any apples and milk to-night.—That girl," he continued, addressing me, "fears neither *ghost* nor goblin; and would as lieve walk a church-yard at midnight as the village green at noon-day."

"Aye, so *she* says," added the gentle youth who sat beside her, and who I had in my own mind already decided to be her lover, "but she'd be loth though to dip her foot in Pendle Brook to-night, when the clock strikes twelve, much less to walk among the cold grave stones of the church-yard—Wou'dn't you, my pretty Elian?"

"What, dost thou think I'm as great a coward as thyself, James Barton," rejoined the half-angry maiden, "and would run away from my own shadow in the moonshine, as thou didst two years ago come next yule night? And for what thou hast just said, if I don't frighten thee out o'thy wits by ringing the passing bell at twelve o'clock this very night, may I marry thee for lack of a braver man!"

"Tush, tush, Elian! The lad was only in joke," said the good old, Adam Walters. "And, mind you, I'll have no going out of my house to-night, believe me; for though I place as little faith in supernatural things, now-a-days, as any man living, yet no daughter of mine shall risk her neck by going the Lord knows where in the dark, for the sake of proving old women's stories to be lies, or of putting the courage of her sweetheart to the blush. James

Barton has a good heart, though perhaps not the stoutest in the parish; but he'll make none the worse husband for that. Come, mind those apples, girl, and don't tease thy sweetheart; and then by the time thou hast sung us a song, and we've done supper, 'twill be time to go to bed."

The pouting maiden was not, however, to be so easily won to the purposes of her father, and accordingly would neither turn the apples, nor warble for our amusement any of her rustic lays, though solicited to do so by her now repentant lover, as well as by all present. As she still continued obstinate, the kind-hearted Sarah volunteered her services to sing a song suited to the occasion, and which, she assured us, was founded on fact, for she knew the bard who composed it, and who it seems had resided in their own village. Her offer was thankfully accepted by all, save the self-convicted James, who was using all his eloquence to get his own fearless fair one to undertake the task; she, however continued deaf to his entreaties, and proceeded to look after the supper things, while her sister chanted to a tune as doleful and melancholy as that of Death and the Lady, the ballad alluded to.

When Sarah had finished her doleful ditty, we all joined in complimenting her upon its applicability; and having drawn our seats nearer to the old oak table, we made ready to partake of an Hallow-eve supper; the arrangements for which consisted of a large brown pie dish, bounteously supplied with roasted apples—half a dozen basins of fine fresh milk—one ditto, containing sugar, the brownest of the brown—two pewter spoons and four wooden ladles; and these were sufficient to cover our festive board tolerably well. We began our frugal feast with an appetite that seemed increased rather than diminished by the nuts, apples, and pears which we had been eating for at least a good hour before. James Barton, unfortunate wight that he was,

appeared the only person present who was dissatisfied with his supper, and instead of partaking thereof with the zest and avidity of those around him, he spent his time in vain endeavours to regain the forfeited favour of his unkind nymph, who laughed at, and tantalised him with that degree of arch dexterity, which only young maidens in love know rightly how to practice.

"Father," said she, addressing him with a look half serious, and half gay, "you need't sit up when I go out to-night, for James you know will watch the fire, till I come back to tell him the real colour of a ghost, for I don't think he ever went himself near enough to the church-yard after sun-set to see one, and he will have it they be all blue, red, and yellow, like the ghost of poor Sandy the bagpipe-man, that was murdered behind the squire's barn a hundred years ago. Didst thou ever hear it play the bagpipes, James?"

The gentle swain had hitherto borne all the banter and raillery of his beloved with the most exemplary patience, but I could now perceive that his pride began to obtain the mastery over his affection, and that unless the tongue of the babbler was very speedily restrained, there would be ere long "a lovers' quarrel;" the first symptom of which was visible in the reply which our hero made to the last jest of his fair tormentor.

"Elian," said he, in a tone of voice sufficiently indicative of wounded feelings, "may herself, perhaps, see stranger things than the ghost of poor Sandy; and then she will not speak of these matters so lightly; but if she wishes to offend her old friends, let her say so at once, and though it be Hallowmas-eve, and as dark as pitch, James Barton will not refuse to brave it as an honest man, though he will never attempt to discover the secrets of the grave, or stay where he is not welcome."

As I began to feel a few sparks of pity for our lover, I was heartily glad to hear him attempt a retaliation, and accordingly I applauded stoutly

his last remark, as did also the timid Sarah, who certainly seemed better suited by nature for the dear wife of James, than her upon whom his choice had somewhat strangely fallen. Our host, however, now seeing how matters were likely to end, imposed silence upon both parties, and while he commanded the lasses to remove the empty bowls, and the et ceteras of our supper, desired the offended youth to pay no heed to the nonsense of a foolish girl. The pride of Elian Walters was now wounded in its turn, as I could plainly see, by that universal index to the feelings of the sons and daughters of Adam—the eye; and I began to apprehend that matters would not end here, but that she would in very deed carry her silly and ridiculous threat into execution—and the sequel will shew I was not mistaken in my conjecture.

The night was fast advancing to its noon. The old Dutch clock had chimed the eleventh hour. The dancing light of our cheerful fire was smothered beneath a fiesh load of fuel. The friend (I cannot call him the lover) of the timid Sarah had withdrawn himself from our family circle. Old Adam Waters, with his two daughters and their little brother, had retired to their several places of repose, and for myself, and the ill-starred James, we laid ourselves down upon the wooden benches, and sought, upon a hard bed, the sweets of peaceful slumber. All was now as dark within doors as without, and methought that if ever the troubled spirits of the dead should wish to break through the portals of the grave, it would be at such an hour, when every thing above and around them might be said to woo their noiseless and mysterious visitings. I felt but little inclination to sleep, my curiosity being too much roused to see whether or not the bold daughter of our kind-hearted host would be as good as her word, and adventure forth into the open air at such a season. The leaven of fear and superstition, too, which I had imbibed in my infant years, but which had

hitherto lain dormant within me, was now called forth into fresh activity, and doubtless contributed its share to keep me awake. In short, the high degree of excitement into which my mind had wrought itself, made me almost fancy I could hear strange unearthly tongues babbling the secrets of the veiled future, or see the shrouded tenants of the grave and sepulchre flitting around and past me in the gloom. My companion lay still and quiet as a lifeless corpse, seemingly asleep; but I suspect he was not in reality a whit more so than myself. After laying for above half an hour, the victim of mingled curiosity and fear, "I heard, or thought I heard," the soft tread of footsteps behind me. I held my breath to listen, and immediately afterwards the door creaked upon its hinges. My blood ran, chilled with dreadful apprehensions, through every vein and artery, and I expected every minute to behold some gaunt and ghastly spectre sweep terrifically past, or to feel the murderous grasp of some masked monster of the human species seize me by the throat. Indeed, so completely had my curiosity given way to my fears, that it never once entered into my thoughts to suppose it possible that the door might have been opened by any person from within. After waiting, however, for some time in a state of dreadful suspense, I ventured to raise my head, and by the flickering light of the fire, which now began to revive again, I perceived that the door had not only been unbolted, but was left ajar, evidently by some person who had gone out. I now recollected Elian's threat, and felt convinced that the dauntless maiden had adventured forth to carry it into execution. Mustering my courage up, I arose to stir the fire, and my companion, when he perceived the room illuminated by its reflection, and saw me standing on the hearth, inquired in a low, faint whisper, if I had heard any thing?

"Heard any thing, James—why, yes, I heard the door open just now; and, if I am not mistaken, your sweet-

heart, the half-angry Elian, has slipped out, and I dare say without your seeing her."

"Oh! no, no! she would not be so foolish," exclaimed the youth, springing at the same moment towards the door, as if to satisfy himself upon the point, "and did *you* see her go?"

"No in truth I did not see her; but I heard the door open, and I conclude 'twas Elian's doing. But you ought to know best; I am but a stranger here."

"True, Sir, true," he added, "But I must follow her, whatever be the consequence—save her, oh heaven!" And so saying, before I was aware of his intention, he darted out of the room with an air of desperate wildness. I would fain have followed him; but as, when I reached the threshold for this purpose, I knew not which way to take, I was necessarily compelled to abandon my intention, and to continue where I was, in a frame of mind by no means enviable. While in this mood, I continued pacing to and fro along the apartment. I heard the self-same bell which had guided me to my present shelter, strike the solemn hour of midnight. Counting each stroke, I told to twelve, and was in the act of continuing my walk, when my foot was arrested half way by another toll. A pause ensued—and then a second, and after a like lapse of time a third succeeded, and I heard no more. The deep booming tones of the last three notes I felt confident came from the passing bell. "Can it be," said I, "that the maiden has already reached the church, and accomplished her fearful achievement." And while yet uttering this sentiment, I heard the voice of old Adam Walters in the adjoining room.

"Elian—Elian—did you hear that bell? Elian, I say!"

Elian, as may be supposed, made no answer; but instead thereof, I called to inform her sire of what had taken place below, while he lay above stairs, locked in the arms of sleep. In a few minutes the old man hurried down, followed by the

trembling Sarah, who was doubtless more afraid to remain up stairs alone, and in the dark, than to encounter any probable danger below, where there was light, and other company. As far as it was in my power so to do, I soon satisfied the inquiries of my kind host, and in consequence, it was resolved instantly to set off in search of the headstrong girl, and of her faithful and affectionate lover.

Carrying a large lantern in his fear-palsied hand, the old man led the way, while I followed close at his heels. Our intense anxiety for the fate of her of whom we was in pursuit, banished every particle of fear from our minds, and we proceeded rapidly forward, despite of a keen wind, which blew directly in our faces, and caused us ever and anon to turn our backs upon its pinching gusts. After having proceeded, it might be about half a mile, we recognised at a short distance from us the voice of James Barton, calling upon the name of his Elian, and in a few minutes more we found ourselves beside him, within the sacred precincts of the sanctuary, and treading, thoughtlessly and unfeelingly among the silent dwellings of the dead.

"Hast thou found my daughter, James?" inquired the agitated father—"Hast thou not seen her?—Oh! do tell me quickly?"

"Alas! no," was the reply; "but as I crossed the stile, a loud shriek came from this end of the church.—Pray heaven it be not Elian!"

In an instant our footsteps were bent towards the place pointed at; and perfectly regardless of the sacredness of the ground, we hurried onward, and soon reached the steeple; where, by the lantern's misty light, we discovered the hapless Elian, stretched upon the damp pavement, pale and motionless as a corpse, and alike deaf to the agonizing calls both of parent and of lover. She heard not their loud cries of fear and sorrow, neither did she feel the tears of her aged sire bathing her livid cheeks, as he kissed them o'er and o'er again, and cried "Elian! my

child! thou hast killed thyself and thy dear father—Oh! my dear Elian!" Poor James Barton meanwhile had seated himself upon the steps of the belfry, giving vent to his bitter sorrow, in a copious flood of tears: an expression of grief from which even I could not refrain.

When the transport of the moment had subsided, we began to think of conveying the once gay maiden from her present situation; and this duty we accordingly undertook, and with heavy hearts bore our delicate charge to the cottage of her father, who all the way home wept bitterly; and there the cry of lamentation was increased by the now sisterless Sarah, and the little Harry. As I was of opinion that the spark of life might not be extinct, our inanimate burden was by my advice laid before the fire. In about half an hour afterwards, the object of our anxiety, heaving a deep sigh, and opening her wan and heavy eyes, turned them upon us with such a livid and a deadly look, as spoke, alas! too plainly, that the messenger of the eternal world was not far off.

"Father!" faintly whispered the dying Elian, "did you not see it?"

"See it! see what, my child?"

"Oh! 'twas a coffin and a maiden's pall.—I saw it, father, and you must see it soon.—Farewell." Then, turning her eyes upon her weeping lover, she added: "James, do not weep for me;" and again closed them in Nature's final sleep.

Hope now fled: and the scene which followed it would be both useless and unnecessary to describe. Early in the morning of the next day, the mute and melancholy preparations for the interment took place; and the self-same afternoon I followed the corpse to its last sad home, and shed the stranger's tear of unfeigned sorrow, over the grave of one whose awful and untimely death might well lay claim to such a tribute. And while the village gossips forgot not to improve the circumstance to their own advantage, and to shake their heads as they passed by the

cottage of old Walters, he, poor man ! lingered not long behind his daughter : but, as I have been since informed, was gathered to his fathers early in the ensuing spring. The unfortunate and heart-broken James, a few days after the above event, bidding adieu to his native land, em-

barked from Liverpool, in a vessel bound for America ; and whether living or dead, I know not : while the now orphan Sarah, and her little brother, were received by a kind and respectable farmer of the neighbourhood into his family, where they yet live.

THE REPOSITORY.

Presented for the premium of thirty dollars.

A TALE OF MEMORY.

A WHITE man, from afar, calls for a moral tale. He is entitled to it, because he offers gold. But his gold will not pass to the free unless he is free himself, bound to no rules of song, to no masters of schools, his taste confined to no climate, and his charity to no people. If he is ignorant of the world, the glory of the city, and of the forest; ignorant of the attractive features of immortal excellence, his gold will not pass to a son of the forest. O thou white man of blest fortunes, if no bad star has ruled thy birth, and if, in spite of thy early teaching, thy bosom is inclined to give justice to my race, thou wilt listen to my tale of memory, and "drop a tear upon the page" of my sad history.

Many winters, with naked and hostile features, have passed away, and many friendly summers have smiled between, since the stricken residue of my people have left the barrow of their fathers. The glory of Kerrokee is no more, and Coowee, my dwelling-place, is desolate. Yet I linger here and alone; for I prefer not to be buried in a strange land. The number of my days have been here, and here it remains for me to tell my story to a white man, and sleep with the mighty of former days.

Attucculla was the world's friend. The Great Eternal blessed him with wisdom, yet his life was full of troubles. He toiled against the follies of his people. The first time that I saw him he was past the vigour of life, sitting with the counsellors at Conora. Grief was on his countenance, because there were only seven Kerrokian chiefs, with sixty warriors, who would unite with the colonies against Fort Du Quesne, then in the possession of the French, and some of the northern tribes of red men. So great was his love to the English, that he wished his country to make the foes of one common to both nations. Santy, of Warrack, took charge of the party, united with the English army, and acted in such a brave manner at the taking of the fort, that he and his warriors were loaded with presents from the English. On their return home, they burdened three horses, which fell in their way, with their spoils and presents. They were attacked the next day by a hundred horsemen, who fired upon them while at a distance, and wounded Ochtabee, a young chief, who, in his turn, sent an arrow among the horsemen, one of whom fell, and as he fell, cried out, "Kill that chief." The party was at once surrounded, and eleven of them killed, and above twenty more were wounded. The tale spread sorrow through our nation: in Warrack it was sorrow and wrath, for Santy was among the slain. Tassipy, the son of Santy, would not sleep before he was revenged. He withdrew with a turbulent host, and in a few days returned with many captives, taken from Abbeville, a Carolina town, on the Saluda river. He burnt the town, and brought away nearly a hundred scalps.

"Who can control the footsteps of wrath, and turn to good account the movements of folly? There was no wisdom in the death of Santy and his friends, and the white man should grieve his frailties. There was no wisdom in the wrath of Tassipy, for it was not in measure. Blood honours the hand of revenge, but wisdom forbids it to overflow." These were the words of Attucculla to me, when at Sanoy, the day that the report of Tassipy's revenge reached that place. He then lighted his pipe, held it awhile in his hand, and laid it aside without smoking—walking the room in great agitation, he began: "I was grieved that so few of our warriors united with the English against Fort Du Quesne—I now grieve there were so many. O Kerroke, my country! no

friendship, costly as ours, will continue with the colonies from this comes our destruction. Follow me, Sikellimus—our counsellors must meet at Corona."

Our counsellors met: and in three days thirty commissioners were selected and sent to Charleston, the chief city of Carolina. They arrived and stood before governor Middleton, who answered their greetings as follows: "Kerrokians are known for deceit. We see no light in this message from your nation. You seek a reconciliation while the wounds of our brethren are bleeding. Like other nations of red men, Kerrokee is to learn our power by lessons of blood. Our warriors will march to-morrow for your evil country. As for yourselves, Kerrokians, you must abide in our camps, or we cannot insure your safe return home: such is the wrath of our people, they would slay you as you passed their dwellings." The soul of the governor was displayed in his features; and the hopes of peace fled from the commissioners as he began to speak. They deigned no reply—except that one, the youthful Selonè, would speak. In the morning of manhood there is confidence, and hope lingers the longest there. Selonè knew nothing of that stubbornness which grows with our years, fed by the errors and the obstinacy of those around us. Besides, his heart was tied to a Mr. Laurens, a white man, who had been a friend to him in a time of distress, and a tear wet his cheek at the thought of warring with the kindred of his benefactor. He arose to speak, but the governor forbid. O thou to whom this story is addressed, canst thou tell why was Selonè forbidden to speak? Thy race seemed to acknowledge not one soul of nobleness among my people. They saw no light in our councils, no honour in our purposes. The voice of Selonè was spurned. 'Be dumb,' said the governor; 'it is not instruction, but revenge, I seek.' Teron was there, our champion of eloquence. To hear the rebuke given to Selonè he became oppressed with anger, and arose. A corner of his blanket was crammed into his mouth to prevent its utterance. As he withdrew his comrades followed.

The commissioners attended the governor's army at option until it arrived near the borders of Kerrokee, when they were bound and conducted to fort St. George, near the town of Keoca. When the news of their bondage reached the ears of Occdnosta, at Chotè, he struck a hatchet into his door, and ran through the town crying—"Peace has departed from my dwelling so long as a white man breathes on this side of the ocean." He was Attucculla's brother, silent, haughty, chief of the chiefs, and director in our national wars. With him, more than half of Kerrokee's warriors raised the war-song, and the nation was in confusion. Our brethren in bondage could be released only by the delivery of all those who had a hand in the destruction of Abbeville. It was now that Attucculla had new and severe trials. He proclaimed the impolicy of the war; that the colonists would accept of peace on terms honourable to us; and that Tassipy and his party should surrender themselves to the governor. For this he lost the friendship of many, and won the abuse of thousands.

Not many years before the death of Attucculla, we were talking of this period of our lives, when he remarked, that it appeared strange he did not see at that time the true character of the colonists, whose friendship toward us was purely a measure of policy, without any sentiment of respect; and the giving his son Yulekkon into their care for education showed how complete was his confidence and his error. "But," said he, "it has been my fate on all occasions to learn wisdom at the greatest expense.

Soon after the arrival of the governor at fort St. George, the small-pox appeared in his army, to escape which he disbanded, and returned home without striking a blow. He left the commission-

in the care of Capt. Cotmore, commander of the garrison. Soon after this, fort Loudon, on the bank of the Tennessee, with a garrison of fifty English soldiers, surrendered to Occônosta. To retaliate for this, Capt. Cotmore massacred all the commissioners. Thus were these latter the earliest slain in war, for their love of white men in peace. The Loudon garrison was under the care of Capt. Stuart, who now became a prisoner. Stuart and Attûcûlla had long been friends, and on several occasions had been of service to each other. Accordingly, Attûcûlla purchased him of his captors, and brought him to Sanoy; and from thence, in a few weeks, sat out with him for Virginia, with the design to restore him to his countrymen. Taskak, his son-in-law, accompanied. They travelled mostly by night, without a trace, guided by the stars of the north; for their way was through the lands of tribes hostile to Kerrokee. On the banks of the Holston they were met by a party of Virginia horsemen, to whom Stuart made himself known. Attûcûlla once related to me, in after times, the feelings these horsemen excited in his bosom. "I had began," said he, "to hate the race of white men; and the sight of these horsemen brought to my recollection the death of Santy and his comrades. Nothing is sorer like the ruin received from the hand of a friend. I saw my country was falling. I saw that not a single Kerrokian, when in the white man's power, received a mitigated fate because he was my friend. Like the blasts of winter appeared the white man's love. I was bewildered, and doubted lest my feelings were unjust. 'Judge me in this,' said I to myself, 'O thou Eternal Spirit, for I may judge amiss.' Can I sit a sweet, confiding hour with one who talks of friendship, yet is fond to hint of his power, and to show how bad it were for me should he become my enemy? Such, I saw, were the features of the horsemen around me. They seemed to look at me as at one of a ruder birth and of humbler privileges than themselves. 'Here,' said I to the horsemen, 'take your Stuart from the hands of Attûcûlla, no longer a friend to white men.' As this was said, Stuart turned to his countrymen and addressed them thus: 'Behold these, a prince and a counsellor of Kerrokee, and his friend Taskak. They have brought me through the lands of the Catawbas, the Tuskaroras, and of the Congarrees. Our way was by night, for we feared to travel by day. I have long received the care of Attûcûlla; but in this last trace for me, he has given an assurance of affection beyond his former kindnesses, and beyond all that our people ever deigned to bestow. My tongue is not productive to express half the toils we have endured. In silence and in darkness, we were, by turns, entangled in the vallies, and, by turns, clinging to the ledges of the mountains. We were slow and watchful. O may my fate be no more wedded to such a string of days, so full of labour and fear, without food, without a cordial to warm our drooping spirits. To me, it is true, there was a prospect friendly to my feelings—a restoration to my country; but to these, my friends, what was their's? A repetition of all their labours before they regain their homes! The lessons of moralists, the study of manners, and the impulses of refinement united, have never made a soul to move like this at the call of friendship, in our own nation. No. And may the vengeance of heaven abide with me when I forget the price of this my restoration from captivity.' As Stuart said this, he cast his eyes toward the ground, and seemed preparing to address myself. It was to be the parting voice of a long-tried friend, and I found it hard to suppress the emotions swelling within me. I diverted my thoughts toward the horsemen, and then to the situation of my people.

I had long had a presentiment that the colonists would, at no distant day, become the masters and destroyers of Kerrokee; and I felt embittered by the presence of the horsemen. This enabled me to shake the hand of my friend with a calm countenance, and say, 'With this token of a white man's greeting, I leave you; and think not that you are indebted to friendship alone for your freedom—I have a son in England, I wish him to return to me.' I then wrapped my feet and withdrew, leaving Stuart not without a sigh, which I was careful he should not perceive. In fifteen days, by the kind assistance of Taskak, I arrived at Sanoy."

It was not long after Attûcûlla's return, before our country was invaded by Grant, the successor to governor Middleton. The sound of the harsh trumpet was loud through the land. The shouts, and the rums of warriors, and the cries of women echoed high and wide through our mountains. The white man triumphs. Six of our cities were burnt; Keoca, Esale, Bamiko, Niqua, Warrack, and Maltikee. As the conquerors passed near Sanoy, they sent a message by a young Sanoyan, whom they had taken prisoner. The youth entered the dwelling of Attûcûlla, his head bound with willows and his garments stained with blood. "The voice of Grant is here," said the youth; "Sanoy escapes; for it is the dwelling place of Attûcûlla. The white man passes with his face toward his own country. Warrack's flames and slaughtered children have glutted his revenge."—"Is Warrack also gone?" cried the counsellor. "Tell me, young man, where is Tassipy?"—"Father, he is with Occônosta, in the valley of Corvee; power is departed from them both, and they seek not a battle with white men."

Be not exalted, thou son of the conquerors, at this tale, so humbling to myself. Ruin confines his grasp to no nation; and the time comes when thy race also shall relate a sad story, sad like this thou hast invited. I do not speak with pleasure upon this mutability of all things that pertain to man. If the springs of the mountain shall cease to flow, and the movements of the clouds cease; if the brightness of the sun and the stars is unable to hold out through the winding of eternity; and if the broad world itself must some future day be divested of its summers, and return to its first barrenness—should not man look for an end to his glory?—Yes. Nations shall pass away like the verdure of Olenoy, when the icy north sends his chill and heavy breath along her summits. So has Kerrokee passed away; and though she fell at the foot of thy nation, yet in thy nation's glory I cannot but rejoice. Glory belongs to the victor if he gains the applause of the victim. There are many, however, among thy people, to whom my applause cannot extend. But I talk too much before my story is done.

Stuart returned to Kerrokee, and restored Yulekton to his father. But it was many years after his restoration when England and the colonies were engaged in war against each other. Attûcûlla's joy for the return of his son was short. Stuart had come in the cause of his sovereign to engage our warriors against the colonies. This was an easy task; for there was a hidden revenge still alive in Kerrokee; and it now burst forth into action. Attûcûlla's efforts to suppress it were in vain. He accused Stuart as becoming the author of destruction to the country of his benefactor. Yulekton, full of dreams of the power of England, and of the weakness of the colonies, sustained the object of Stuart; and in less than two weeks almost all the warriors of our country set forth for battle, led on by Occônosta. They left their country, and on the waters of the Occônore they fell. Occônosta, and Ibanto, Kapp, Allonkade, and Creke, and all the old chiefs of the nation, were among the slain.

They fell by the legions of Drummond and Williamson, who now entered and laid waste once more our unhappy and misguided country. Sanoy escaped not as before. Many of the fathers were gathered there, who shut themselves up in the dwelling of Attûcûlla when Drummond entered the town. He cut down our corn-fields, burnt our garners, roasted our cattle, and lastly, fired the whole town. Riot prevailed in every street. I was shut up with the fathers. We heard the shrieks of mothers and children without; we saw the flames approach. A white man came to our door and mocked us.—"Come," said he, "strike up your dance to the music of the flames." We answered not, but sat resigned—when smoke became oppressive, and the flames entered our windows. We now drew each other by the hand as a silent adieu; all our cares retired, and turbulence of mind—my head was giddy, and in the smoke I fell asleep—my dreams floated among the stars, and became lost in eternity. "O take this load from me," I cried; and in pain I awake!—Drummond stood beside me! "Where I am I?" was my call to him. He replied—"Take care of thy dead," pointing to the fathers who lay around me. As he spoke this he withdrew. He had broken our door and drawn us thither. Myself and Sakkis were all who recovered; and to us befel the task to remove the dead to the barrow, which is on the bank of the Merlû. We had finished our labours, when Sakkis, burdened with years and with sorrow, also fell asleep, and was laid with the buried. Let me name the company that Sakkis keeps; for this is a subject that warms the blood of my old age. Scathemno began this cold dwelling. He brought the bones of his father, Chutuskan, from the grassy shore of the Arkansaw. Scathemno himself lies beside him, after having fought two hundred battles. He was slain by Towas, in the bloody land now called Kentucky. Connoree, the sachem of peace, and sire of Moytoy, gathered in his life time the bones of all his race; those in his own country spread, and those buried in foreign lands. He died in his dwelling at Bamiko; but glory departed not from Kerrokee until the warlike Moytoy perished in the flames of Niqua, in his old age, when the vigour of his life was departed from him. He fell a victim to the vengeance of Grant. Occônosta was the son of Moytoy, and always the conqueror in war before he fought with Grant. He sleeps with his ancestors—and with him sleeps the power of the Kerrokee nation. Here rest also Sanoy and his comrades; and those love-confiding chiefs slain by Cotmore, and devoured by the dogs of his garrison. The ghosts of these men, more than of all the rest, seem to complain of their fate to the wandering sons who remain of our nation, when they visit this house of death from their abodes in foreign lands.

And now let my story close. The incidents it embraces are taken from the annals of my country; whose glories and disgraces are recorded in song; and whose fate offers many lessons of wisdom to the world. With me abides the song, for which I have wandered far and toiled freely. I have visited the desolate sites of thirty Kerrokian cities, a part of which were burnt by Drummond; and a part forsaken and in ruins. Coowee's lone plains have nourished me; and the hollow trees have sheltered me from the rains. A wide region is silent—except that of late traces of white men are seen along the fruitful waters. The red man's song is past; and little remains to assure the world that Kerrokee was. Hence may my tale wear the features of sorrow that darken its beauties. But my life's stream is almost done, and the faded mountains over which I ramble awaken feelings that control my pen, and need the indulgence of mankind. SIKELLENUS.

BROAD SUMMERFORD.—PART II.

(See page 450, Vol. VII.)

THE history of one day at the Rectory was an epitome of all; and yet there was no monotony—no dulness—no gloom—no heavy flight of time, in that dear mansion. I never knew a tedious hour, during my long sojourn of a full twelve-month, within its hospitable walls; and yet I had no companions of my own age—nor any indeed, except my two venerable relations, and the four-footed and feathered creatures, with whom I was always sure to contract speedy and familiar intimacy.

In the morning, I generally attended Mrs. Seale in all her home avocations, and, when they were dispatched, not unfrequently accompanied her on a round of charitable visits in the adjoining village. Those early hours were usually passed by Mr. Seale in his study, and, notwithstanding my vagabond propensities, I would not have forfeited the privilege of being allowed to read with him one daily hour in that pleasant, quiet room, (made deliciously sombre by the shade of a huge old jessamine which embowered the large bay window,) for all the temptations which lay in wait for me in garden, copse, or meadow. I have ever since delighted in the smell of jessamine and Russia leather, (strange association!) because it immediately brings that dear, old-fashioned room, and its revered occupant, vividly before my mind's eye.

We dined at two o'clock, and, after a short nap in his great, high-

backed armed-chair, Mr. Seale generally sallied forth on what he was wont to term his evening rounds through the hamlet, and among the more scattered and remote dwellings of his large parish—in every one of which he was a visitor, not less frequent than welcome and respected. He had a word in season for all: Of comfort—of encouragement—of advice—of consolation—of remonstrance—of rebuke also, when occasion called for it; and never did the good man (whatever pain it cost him) shrink behind motives of false humanity, from the strict performance of that imperative duty. Nor were the severe truths he uttered less awfully impressive, because it was well known and felt, by every individual of his flock, that their benevolent pastor loved far better to dwell on the promises of the gospel, than on its terrible denunciations.

But Mr. Seale administered not only to the spiritual wants of his parishioners; he also cared tenderly for their temporal necessities; and having considerable knowledge of medicine, and being "*intrusted*," as he termed it, with a competent income, his means of doing good were manifold, and they were improved to the uttermost. Happy and proud was I, when the good old man, refreshed by his short siesta, entered the drawing-room with his hat on, his staff in hand, (just such a one, methinks, as Bishop Jewel's* trusty steed,) and a small basket containing

* "As soon as he (Mr. Hooker) was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied by a countryman, and companion of his own college, and both on foot, which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility, made it so: But on foot they went, and took

medicines and cordials, which, with a smile of invitation, he invited his "little apprentice," as he called me, to carry for the old Doctor.

Happy and proud was I to obey that cheerful summons; and powerful as were the attractions of meadow rambles, swinging upon gates, and scrambling over hedges and ditches, I was not to be lured abroad by any of those refined pastimes, while a chance existed, that by sitting quietly beside Mrs. Helen's embroidery frame, I should be called upon to accompany the Rector in his pastoral progress. Dear Mrs. Helen never walked farther than that part of the scattered hamlet immediately adjoining the rectory domain. I cannot fancy *she* could ever have taken a *good long walk*, as it is called. That small fine frame of hers, though perfectly organised, was surely composed of materials too delicate for robust exercise. Those little, little feet looked as if they had never moved but on Persian carpets, or velvet grass-plats. They would hardly have disgraced a Chinese lady; and among the curiosities contained in the India cabinet, was an embroidered Chinese shoe, that did not match amiss with her little black-velvet slipper. I used to call her the "Fairy Graciosa."

Our tea-time was six o'clock. In summer, the after-hours of day-light were commonly spent in a large pleasant alcove, terminating the broad garden-walk, to which Mrs. Helen's foot-stool, her carpet-work, or tambour-frame were duly conveyed by John Somers. Then Mr. Seale busied himself about his flower-borders, and I assisted him in the agreeable task, so much to his satisfaction,

that he was wont to call me his "neat handed Phillis;" and after some apprenticeship in the initiatory care of sweet williams, clove-pinks, and some such second-rate beauties, I was preferred to the high responsibility of securing the full buds of the rarest carnations, against the danger of premature and irregular bursting, and of tending and even watering the delicate auriculas, more sedulously guarded from every caprice of the elements, than ever was Eastern princess, "the light of the Harem." If any weeds of vanity lurked in the good man's heart, they sprung surely from his passion for those favourite flowers; and I have seen him stand for ten minutes at a time, entranced in admiration of a "Lovely Helen," or a "Powdered Beau!"

Those were verily right pleasant hours, when I followed my dear master from flower to flower, with the small green watering-pot, the slender sticks, and nicely shredded strings of fine wet bass. To this day, when busied in my own garden, I have occasion to use the latter material; its peculiar smell gives me a strange, indescribable pleasure, so strongly and invariably does it bring to my recollection that sweet garden of Broad Sumnerford Rectory, and my two dear and indulgent companions.

John Somers and twilight came together. The former to reconvey to the house Mrs. Helen's foot-stool and working apparatus; the latter gently intimating to the venerable pair, that it was time for aged heads to seek shelter from the falling dews. It was very pleasing to observe the old-fashioned politeness and tender caution, with which

Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop (Jewel,) who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and his friends. And at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back, to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;' and presently delivered to him a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: Be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me: And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college. And so God bless you, good Richard.'"

Mr. Seale supported on his own feeble arm the more infirm frame of his beloved companion, as they slowly retraced the flower-bordered walk towards their quiet dwelling, holding "sweet converse" by the way, and lingering often—now in mutual admiration of some half-opened, dew-glittering rose—or to watch the antic circles of the bat—or to gaze upon the evening star—or to catch the last mellow notes of the black-bird's vespers hymn—or the deeper tone of the curfew from the neighbouring steeple. And if it was a moonlight evening, candles were not soon called for, on their re-entering the parlour. The old couple dearly loved to sit together at that beautiful bay-window, in meditative and social—yes—*social* silence, contemplating the glorious uprising of the broad full-moon, or the silvery brightness of her growing crescent, emerging from behind the dark mass of the old church tower, and "its embowering elms." Solemn and pleasant, doubtless, at such seasons, were the thoughts of those kindred hearts. Theirs, whose earthly race was so nearly run—whose hopes tended to the same goal—whose innocent lives had flowed on in the same peaceful channel—and who trusted not to be divided in their deaths. Surely, though "speech nor language" were at such times interchanged, their hearts communed with each other, and with good spirits, ascending and descending from those starry heavens, whereunto their aged eyes were so devoutly uplifted. Young and volatile as I was, I should have felt it little less than sacrilegious to interrupt that sacred silence. I too loved well to sit silent and unobserved in my dark corner, contemplating with affectionate reverence that beautiful picture of happy old age.

As the days shortened, we had some reading in the evening.—History, sacred and profane—Voyages—Travels—Biography—and Sir Charles Grandison.—And Mr. Seale and Mrs. Helen often played a match at backgammon before supper. That

was brought in at half past nine precisely; and soon after ten, the Christian household once more re-assembled round their reverend and revered master, to conclude the day as they had commenced it, with thanksgiving, prayer, and adoration.

Such was the history of one day at Broad Summerford. And I have already told you, that one was the epitome of all, with very slight variations—such as the occasional calls of friends or neighbours; for though the aged lady of the Rectory paid no visits herself, many courted and sought her society, ever sure of a kind and cordial welcome. And Mr. Seale now and then brought home a dinner guest, unceremoniously invited, in his morning ramble; and once or twice in the year, Mrs. Helen collected together a rather numerous evening assembly, formally convened at a fortnight's notice, by regular invitation cards, to obtain which there was as much emulation (though certainly less intriguing,) as if the dear old lady had been a distinguished leader of Haut-ton and her party the first opening of a fashionable campaign. And in the surrounding neighbourhood of Broad Summerford, there was no lack of the great, the gay, and the fashionable, and yet none but thought themselves honoured by an invitation to the Rectory.—Perhaps, too, the mere charm of novelty had its full share of attraction for some of those modish guests, whose habitual listlessness might have found a temporary interest and excitement in the strong contrast, opposed by the warm-hearted simplicity within those quiet walls, to the artificial heartlessness which characterized their own circles.

Be that as it may, it rarely happened that any answer but a ready acceptance was returned for one of Mrs. Helen's invitation cards; and, the party once invited and arranged, then sounded great note of preparation. And, then was Mrs. Betty in her glory! to say nothing of her less bustling and important, though not less active lady. Then began such com-

pounding of seed-cakes, and pound-cakes, and plain-cakes, and wafers, and crumpets, and all sorts of indescribable accompaniments, as might have set out half-a-dozen confectioners' shops. And then—for those were the good old times of suppers, and hot suppers—there was such stuffing of turkey poultz—such larding of capons—such collaring of eels—such potting of savoury meats—such whipping of syllabubs—such spinning of sugar—such powdering with comfits—such devices, and surprises, and “subtleties,” (almond hedgehogs, and floating islands included,) as Mrs. Glass herself might have been proud to have had a hand in. During that whole week of preparation, the approach to the Rectory was like that to one of the Spice islands. All round the house, the perfume of lilacs and seringas (if they were in flower) was fairly overpowered by the exotic odours of mace and cinnamon; and I used to conceit—*dans mon petit moi-même*—that the persons of Mrs. Helen and her faithful Betty must have been half embalmed, by the time their labours were over in that nest of spicery. You are not however, to infer that the quiet and elegant routine of domestic regulations was at all infringed upon by these extraneous proceedings, that anything like vulgar bustle, or *parvenu* anxiety, marked the grand reception day, or that Mrs. Helen's serene self-possession was in any way affected by the expectation, or arrival of her guests. She was too perfectly the gentlewoman to feel any such underbred trepidations; and her true politeness—the courtesy of the heart—gave to her whole deportment such natural gracefulness, as could never have been imparted by the finest artificial polish. Besides, everything was in good taste, and in perfect keeping throughout the whole modest establishment. No attempt—no pretension—no display—no cold best rooms to be thrown open for its one grand day of annual exhibition—no sumptuous carpets to be uncovered—no cold glazy cushions

to be uncased—no costly gilding to be unpapered—no swathed-up curtains to be unswathed—no ornamental trumpery to be arranged with elaborate carelessness—no unusual decoration to be remarked in the large, comfortable, constantly-used drawing-room, except that the green dragon bean-pots were filled with some of Mr. Seale's choicest flowers, never cut by the dear old man but on such special occasions,—ostensibly as an offering to Mrs. Helen; but having hinted at his besetting sin—his floral vanity—I may just venture the surmise, that his liberality was not purely disinterested, and that a cynical eye might have detected original sin in the delight which beamed in his mild countenance, when the beautiful bouquets, near which he was sure to post himself, drew forth admiring exclamations from the courteous bystanders, and humble petitions for slips and cuttings at the proper season.

Nothing could exceed the tone of elegant propriety, of perfect respectability, which pervaded the whole establishment. Old John Somers, with his silvery hair, and suit of sober grey, followed by his attendant page in the same livery, moved about with all the conscious dignity of long and faithful servitude, bearing round the circle such tea and coffee in such china as was not often to be met with, on a noble silver salver, richly chased and emblazoned, like all the family plate, of which there was abundance in common use;—and the smooth-headed, rosy-cheeked lad, who trod closely behind with his tray of cates, was remarked by many a smiling observer, to copy, with very successful mimicry, his great-uncle's gravity of deportment,—for the aged domestic and his youthful assistant stood in that near relation to each other.

No parade of farther attendance was ever made on these company occasions. There was no conscription—no forced levy from the farm-yard and stable. The gardener and cow-boy were not stuffed into spare liveries made to fit all sizes, and stuck

up like scare-crows in the entrance-hall, or shoved into the drawing-room to poke forward refreshments, with great red hands like lobsters' claws, and bony wrists, protruding half a yard beyond the livery cuffs, to slide scalding coffee into ladies' laps, over-set the candles, whisk their coat-flaps in the fire, and tread upon the tail of the old tortoise-shell; who, for her part, dear old Matty! occupied her wonted place on the hearth-rug in undisturbed serenity, evincing no emotion at the presence of company, or indeed any notice of the assembled guests, except by unbuttoning her eyes a very little wider and purring a note or two louder, when either of them stooped down to court Mrs. Helen's favourite, by smoothing her velvet coat.

On one of those gala days, just before the arrival of the expected guests, I was the unlucky means of ruffling the composure of my dear old friend and protectress, more than I had ever seen it affected by any outward circumstance. I have hinted to you that my toilet duties, and the concerns of my wardrobe, were not always attended to with the scrupulous neatness I ought to have observed in those matters. I had been the companion and playmate of boys—of my brothers only—and the association had, naturally enough, moulded my tastes and habits more in conformity with theirs, than was quite consonant with feminine propriety. Hence those uncouth pastimes to which I have confessed myself addicted; and the natural result of such exploits was the dilapidated state of a wardrobe, from which it would have been difficult to select an upper garment in perfect preservation. And as the requisite repairs ostensibly devolved on me, and I abominated needle-work, the general condition of the whole may be more easily conceived than described. On this especial evening I had been tenderly admonished to take timely care that my dress was *whole* and neat, not distinguished by appalling rents or disgraceful tuckings

up; that it should be put on *properly*, that is, in good time, so as to be drawn equally over both shoulders, not to be dragged on in such hurry and bustle as to send me forth into the drawing-room all flushed and fluttered, and "frightened out of that fair propriety" which Mrs. Helen so justly deemed indispensable to the carriage of a gentlewoman. Mrs. Betty had, moreover, received private injunctions to superintend my toilet, and send me down "fit to be seen." But, alas! it so happened that about the time that respectable personage sought me, in pursuance of her lady's directions, I had rambled away into the adjoining hazel copse, and was too busily engaged in hooking down the bright brown clusters of ripe nuts, to remember Mrs. Helen's solemn injunctions; and when at last they started into my mind, and I scrambled and scampered back into the house, and up to my own chamber, Mrs. Betty's attention had been attracted to other weighty concerns, and I performed the ceremony of the toilet, uncontrolled by her judicious censorship; and a pretty toilet I made of it!—a brief one, certainly—and I also reached the drawing-room in excellent good time, long before the arrival of company. Lucky was it that I did so—lucky for my own credit, and the restoration of Mrs. Helen's elegant composure, which received an indescribable shock at my first awful appearance, still panting and breathless with my race home, and the bustle of changing my dress—arms, neck, and face crimsoned over, and shining to boot from the effects of a rough and hasty ablution in soap and water, which elegant cosmetic had by no means, however, contributed to efface or disguise sundry marks and scratches, (one happily conspicuous across the bridge of my nose,) inflicted by certain intercepting boughs and branches, with which I had too rashly encountered, in my reckless return through the hazel copse. Then the best frock was dragged on, to be sure—but not over both shoulders. And its clear

texture too plainly revealed certain ghastly rents and fractures in the under-garment, the tucks of which being all unripped on one side, lowered it to the very ground in careless festoons. I had considered the tedious operation of changing stockings quite a work of supererogation, and that I did very handsomely, in cramming my thick cotton ones, mud and all, into a pretty little pair of black satin slippers, the becomingness of which I was by no means insensible to. Such was the apparition which presented itself to Mrs. Helen's delicate perceptions, as I entered her presence, dragging on, or rather pulling up, a pair of *once* white gloves, the size of jack-boots, through the thumbs and fingers of which, all gaping and curling back like the capsules of over-blown flowers, my red thumbs and fingers protruded like ripe capsicums. Mrs. Helen's first instinctive act was to pull the bell as she had never pulled it but *once* before, when her own cap had taken fire. Now, as then, the whole household came running at the unaccustomed summons, but respectfully drew back, and made way for Mrs. Betty's approach, when once aware that their lady was neither on fire nor in a fit, and only unusually vehement in requiring the attendance of her faithful handmaiden.

"Oh! my good heavens, Betty!" ejaculated the dear old lady in her imperfect English, (she was not a native of this island.) "Look at this child! Look what she has done with herself—Bon Dieu! quelle horreur! But quick—quick—we must make something with her before the company come—La pauvre enfant!"

And they did try their best to "make something" of me. I was hurried into Mrs. Helen's dressing-room, and there she and the dismayed Betty set to work to rectify the incongruities of my dress at least. The scratched and scarlet face and neck, were past mending for one while; and truth to tell, only glowed and glistened the more fiercely for Mrs. Helen's tender application of

rose-water and milk of roses. But the muslin frock was properly arranged over a whole under-garment. The muddy cotton stockings were exchanged for silk ones, (an exchange which, once effected, I entirely approved of.) A drawer of beautiful perfumed French gloves was pulled open, and a delicate pair nicely fitted to my unworthy hands, the form and size of which, however, did not absolutely disgrace them; and as to the colour, that was of my own acquiring, and I was solemnly enjoined not to unglove till it had subsided to a more lady-like complexion. The face and neck were not to be concealed or mended, and when we were once more in the drawing-room, my dear good cousin could not help reviewing me, with looks, in which a little vexation was still discernible, as she once or twice softly murmured to herself, "*La pauvre enfant!*"

Even that gentle ejaculation was thought too severe a rebuke by Mr. Seale, who comforted me under the infliction, and pledged himself to Mrs. Helen, that I should be quite fit to be seen in ten minutes, and that I would never again transgress in like manner. That night, while I was preparing for bed, thinking over my late inattention to Mrs. Helen's injunctions, and her indulgent gentleness, I could not help asking her ancient Abigail, who was assisting me to undress, whether in the whole course of her long service of five-and-forty years, she ever remembered to have seen her lady really out of temper. I could not ask if she had ever seen her in a passion. That was as much out of the scale of possibilities, as it would have been for a lamb to roar like a lion, or a turtle-dove to exchange natures with a hawk. But Mrs. Betty quite astounded me with her prompt reply. "Oh yes, Miss! my mistress did *once* put herself into a fearful passion, at least, my master said so, though, for my part, I should never have found it out; and except *that once*, I never saw her so much vexed and disturb-

Red as she was at this evening, and you know, Miss——”

“Oh, Mrs. Betty, I know well enough how much I deserved a hearty scolding, and yet my dear cousin could not summon up so much as a frown to testify her displeasure. She in a passion! Dear Mrs. Betty, tell me all about it, I beseech you.”

“Why, Miss, you must know, then, if there is one thing my mistress takes more pride in than another, it is that fine old rare china on the top of the commode in her dressing-room, but the finest piece of all is gone now, a large green jar that had belonged to her mother, and my mistress prized it dearly for that reason, and was so careful of it, that she never suffered any one—not me even—to dust or touch it, or anything else on that commode. Cicely is a good, steady, careful girl now, (you know Cicely, Miss,) but she came to us a sad giddy, careless, tearing young thing at first, about twenty years ago, and my mistress soon saw what a desperate hand she was at whisking and flicking about her duster; so she gave her double charges never so much as to go near any of the china, particularly that on the commode. Well, the careless wench must needs meddle with it, for all my mistress’s warning; and one unlucky day, sure enough, down she whisked that beautiful green jar, and it was smashed all to pieces. My mistress heard the crash, and up stairs she was in a minute, and there stood Cicely, looking sheepish enough to be sure, and the jar all to particles at her feet. Well, Miss, if you’ll believe it, the tears came into my mistress’s eyes, and, ‘Oh!’ says she, ‘my dear mother’s jar!’ And then to be sure she did colour up over her very forehead, and spoke quicker than I have ever heard her before or since. ‘Upon my word,’ says she, ‘this is too bad, after all my biddings. Go, go, you naughty, careless girl, and don’t let me——’

“She was going on, speaking very quick, but my master, who had followed her up into the room, came

and took her hand, and motioning Cicely to go down stairs, (she did not wait for second orders, the careless hussy,) he led my dear mistress to the settee, and then, for all he kissed her kindly, and comforted her for the loss of their mother’s favourite jar, he read her such a lecture about the sinfulness of giving way to such violent passions, as soon set her a-crying in good earnest, a dear sweet soul! and me, too, to keep her company, though for my life I could not see any such great wickedness, in the few words she had spoken, and that hussy’s carelessness was enough to provoke a saint. But my dear mistress did not for a long time give over reproaching herself, for having, as she said, given way to such unchristian violence of temper, and she went so far as to demean herself to that idle wench, that had done all the mischief, and told her she was very sorry to have spoken so hastily, ‘however blameable it was in you, Cicely,’ says she, ‘to disobey my orders; but I hope it will be a warning to you to be more careful in future; and, above all, to avoid the fault of which I have been so unfortunate as to set you an example.’ Lord bless her! we should all be angels upon earth, if we could but follow the example she sets us; and I believe, o’ my conscience, Cicely has been a steadier and a better girl from that very day, for she said, to be sure she minded my dear mistress’s mild words more than a hundred scoldings.”

I hardly know whether to laugh or cry at Mrs. Betty’s fragment of secret history; but I felt that everything I heard about my dear excellent relations increased my love and respect for them. Another little discovery, illustrative of Mrs. Helen’s character, affected me far more seriously—almost painfully—soon after my arrival at the Rectory. In the bed-chamber assigned to me, which, as I told you, communicated with Mrs. Seale’s dressing room, besides the wardrobe and drawers allotted to my use, stood a second chest, containing, as Mrs. Betty no-

tified to me, table and bed-linen, and sundry other things, which she would remove if I required additional room. I had much more than sufficient to contain all my possessions, but disorder requires perpetually expanding elbow-room, and it reigned paramount over my wardrobe, till at last, all my own drawers being in a chaotic state of repletion, I resorted to those over which my right extended not, to lay by some article of dress on which I was disposed to bestow more than common care. I pulled open the first drawer of that same chest, then, and there lay before me, not the smooth, flat folded damask, or glossy bed-linen, on which I expected to have found room to deposit my own dress, but *one* long, white, glazy garment, all frilled, and trimmed, and pinked, and scalloped about, in a strange uncouth fashion, such as I had never seen before, and yet in a moment—almost at the first glance—I had an instinctive, shuddering consciousness of its destined appropriation—and I was standing motionless before the open drawer, gazing on its contents with eyes half blinded by tears, but from which no tears fell—when Mrs. Betty entered the room, and startled me by her hasty exclamation. “Oh, Miss! what are you looking at?” she cried. “I thought *that* drawer was locked. My mistress desired I would take particular care it was while you slept in the room—but I suppose I took out the key without turning it—and you see what *she* has made ready, and laid there with her own dear hands.”

I asked no question at that minute—indeed there was nothing to ask. That visible proof of solemn preparation was all eloquent, and I continued gazing upon it with such heart-struck awe, as if the dear and venerable form it was one day to attire, had been already shrouded in its chilly folds. Language has no words to express that exquisitely painful sensation, that agony of intense feeling, which seems to contract and compress the heart, and

arrest its pulsation, under the sudden operation of some distressful cause—and then the frightful violence of its restored action!—its seemingly audible throbs!—the abrupt sob that bursts forth—saving it as it were from breaking;—the hysterical choking!—the inarticulate attempt to speak!—I remember how I struggled with it all on that occasion which was not (as some might hastily conceive,) an inadequate cause for such painful excitement. It was the first time that death had been brought home to me; that his insignia had appalled my sight; that his reality had impressed upon my heart its ever afterwards indelible signet. And now the certainty of the inevitable doom burst on me, as if it were immediately to fall on those I loved so dearly—and I wondered at my past security, and thought with a cold shudder of the great ages of those beloved friends—of the advanced years of my own dear parents—and then I longed, with an agony of tender impatience, to draw them all close around me together; or rather, that I could encircle them all in one close embrace, never more to lose sight of them for one single minute, of those poor numbered few, yet remaining, of their stay upon earth. The anticipation of my own equally irreversible doom had no share in that painful tumult of feeling. It is seldom, I believe, that the awful conviction of our own mortality impresses itself forcibly on the heart while we are still buoyant with youth and health, and unbroken spirits, and unchastised expectations, and untarnished hopes. The paroxysms of youthful grief resemble the hail-storm, or the thunder-shower, which does not saturate the earth, though it defaces its fair surface for a season, beating down the delicate flowers and the tender herbage. Deeper—far deeper penetrates the small continued rain—pulsing (if ungenially cold) the very heart of vegetation; and so do the cares, and doubts, and disappointments, and troubles of advancing life, sink deep and deeper

into the human heart, till its fine springs are broken, its beautiful illusions destroyed, its enthusiastic warmth extinguished; and then indeed comes the *sensible* conviction of our own mortality, and that we are hastening down a perceptibly rapid declivity, to "the house appointed for all living."

How wisely and mercifully is it ordained that we should acquire thus gradually this solemn conviction! In early life, while all is well with us, we generally connect too inseparably the images of Death and the Grave; but as we approach nearer that final earthly home, a further prospect opens more distinctly on the Christian's eye; and though the destroying angel stands in the narrow passage, and we behold him even in all his revealed terrors, his dark pinions cannot intercept from our steady gaze that effulgence of glory, which overpowers, with the brightness of its promise, our natural shrinking from the fearful things which intervene—from the array of Dissolution—The Shroud—The Coffin—and the Grave.

Besides, the weary traveller is content to lie down and be at rest. He whose journey is all before him, scarce heeding the sage warnings of experienced pilgrims, fancies that he at least shall be more fortunate—that he shall discover wells of water and pleasant places, which they missed in their way over the desert, or rather he fancies that "the land is a good land"—that they have misnamed it a wilderness; and at all events, that there is much time before him, (though they call it brief,)—that the end is far distant—and he has not learnt to contemplate, much less to covet the repose of the grave. He believes in, but he does not *feel*, his *own* mortality—no, not even when that of his dearest friends is pressed home upon his heart with that startling force and evidence of truth which so painfully affected me, when I chanced on the discovery of Mrs. Helen's solemn preparations. I could not recover myself that whole day,

nor look at my dear cousin, without a strange choking sensation, and my eyes filling with tears; and at last, when the dear old lady noticed my unusual quietness, and questioned me with kind anxiousness in her gentle voice, whether I was ailing or fatigued—the pent-up sorrow fairly got the better of me, and I clasped her round the neck, sobbing as if my heart would break, to my own unspeakable relief and proportionate surprise and alarm on her part. But after much tender inquiry, and many soothing caresses, my hysterical affection, as Mrs. Helen termed it, was set down to the effects of over-fatigue and exhausted spirits, and a restorative cordial was prescribed for me, (not the infallible Plague-water,) and a comfortable posset was prepared for my supper, and I was dismissed early to bed, with many a tender kiss and affectionate injunction to sleep well, and not exhaust myself in future with over activity and violent exercise.

On entering my chamber, I looked as fearfully askance towards the chest of drawers, as if I had expected that some ghastly phantom would occupy its place; and before I began to undress, satisfied myself that Mrs. Betty had been true to her promise of locking fast that terrible repository, and taking away the key, as if by so securing the object which had caused me such an unexpected shock, I could also exclude from my mind the images that shock had awakened. But the phantom was not laid so easily. That chest of drawers was to me like the mysterious box, immovably fixed in a corner of the merchant Abudah's chamber. I never looked towards it without something of distressful feeling; and I never became so familiarized with the idea of its contents, as to place on it, as I had been accustomed to do, my work-box, my flower-glass, or any other of my goods and chattels.

There was no assumption of singularity or of superior strength of mind in Mrs. Helen's funeral preparations. She would have concealed

them, had it been possible, even from her faithful attendant ; and when the latter tenderly remonstrated with her on the subject, she observed, with a cheerful and cheering smile, " It will not kill me one minute the sooner, my good Betty ; and when the time comes, all will be ready, without much trouble for anybody." Besides, the custom of providing burial clothes was still very prevalent in Mrs. Seale's time, among the many primitive customs of her native land. Of these, all that could bear transplanting, she had imported to Broad Summerford some fifty years before,

when she had accompanied her brother thither on his taking possession of the Rectory. Yes—for full fifty years that brother and sister had " dwelt together in unity," in that same quiet mansion—" Lovely and inseparable in their lives," indeed, but in their deaths not to be united. Not in the grave, at least. Who can doubt that they are so, and for eternity, in their Father's kingdom ? —But this has been a long gossip, and I reserve for another day my remaining store of reminiscences from this fragment of the family chronicle.

lic. He might have done so without any fear of criticism. His task has been accomplished in a creditable manner. The translation is singularly faithful, and occasionally elegant. Still the acting value of the piece would have been greatly enhanced by a more liberal curtailment of scenes and speeches. French tragedy is of a more declamatory character than suits the genius of the English stage, and its dialogue has a great tendency to run into what they themselves call *longueurs*. We felt something of this in the performance of *Sylla*. The whole interest of the tragedy depends upon a single personage. In the rest of the characters there is a great deficiency of energy, variety, and passion. In Paris the want of general interest was not so deeply felt in consequence of the sublime acting of Talma. Of all the performances of that great dramatic genius there was none which presented a more magnificent impersonation of heroic character than his *Sylla*. Popular opinion asserted that Talma throughout the piece endeavoured to imitate the manner of Napoleon, and this belief, very commonly entertained, gave the tragedy an extraordinary success. But Talma's genius required no such adventitious aid. It was complete and powerful in itself. There are some passages in this tragedy far more vehement than would have been looked for from Mons. Jouy, whose productions belong to a more temperate and gentile cast. The following soliloquy and dream (to which the Parisian critics objected on the score of its being too passionate and English), are of a higher tone of feeling than we commonly find in the French tragedy. It should be observed that in order to be *literal* the translator has foregone all attempts to be elegant.

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To endure the torments of chief power
To punish, to shed blood, and stifle plots?
Night without sleep—and day without repose!
My spirit, always prone to gloomy thought,
Trembles at darkness like a timid child
I'll rest beneath this porch—more calmly here.
I'll wait till day shall light the skies:
Oh! could I sleep!—alas! how weak I am.
I tremble for my son, and all in vain
Attempt the melting of my stubborn heart.
I am a Father—say you? No—I am
Dictator; ah!—and ever marching on
From crime to crime. I am fatigued
With living o'er the abyss—
Yes, they shall kill me—I will have it so—
Omnipotent!—glorious!—
What can I henceforth ask for from the Gods?
The end of all my ills!
The termination of a long delirium—
The peaceful tomb for which I sometimes pray—
To die! in short to sleep!—Why should I live
Through weary poisoned days? At last
My soul, much less oppressed, permits my thought
To float upon a wave of happiness.

Chi Erina.

Park Theatre.—The opera of "My Native Land" has been performed twice during the last week. It is new in this country, although introduced in England some four or five years ago, and long since forgotten. The play-bills, however, with that licentiousness of assertion (and contempt of grammar) which are peculiar to them, say that it is "now performing at the Theatre Covent Garden, London, with unbounded applause." It is of little consequence whether this be true or not, but the simple fact is, that the Opera was brought out some five years since, to introduce Mr. [redacted] on his return from Italy, and after a very few nights of equal success, it was entirely laid aside. "My Native Land" is the production of Diamond, of Bath, a writer of some popularity, and very slender merits. Like all the rest of his dramas it has considerable interest of plot, and the dialogue is flowing and easy, but there is no poetry in the song, no originality in the sentiment, no point in the wit, and much coarse and indecent allusion. The story turns on the jealous doubts and fears of an Italian lover who has escaped from Moorish captivity and finds that his mistress (believing him to be dead) about to give her hand to another. After the necessary quantity of misunderstanding and cross-purpose, the explanation comes—the lady avouches her fidelity and the gentleman washes his face and abandons his disguise.—There are some subordinate incidents to spin out the opera and whenever the interest begins to lag, it is propped up with a song. Mrs. Hackett (for want of a male singer) enacts the lover, and in a very unshapely dress, and with an unsightly Moorish face, she "pines her distresses and records her woes." This lady has the capacity to sing well but she sometimes exhibits an inexcusable carelessness.—The music of the part (*Aurelio*) is by no means of a pleasing cast, and more therefore is required of the performers. The last *bravura* (from *Tancredi* if we are not greatly mistaken) she gave in fine style. Mrs. Sharpe, whose improvement is daily perceptible, played *Clytemnestra* in an interesting way, and sang "the light guitar" and "Julio told me" very agreeably. Mrs. Knight, the charm of the opera, appeared as *Biondina*. She is through the greater part of the Opera in the dress of a youth, and looked excessively pretty. We have (within the last few weeks) dwelt so frequently upon her style and merits, as to stand absolved from any fresh criticism. She introduced four or five new songs with great effect. *Zanina* was cast to Mrs. Hamblin, but for some reason not publicly stated, she has withdrawn from the theatre. In her, the company will lose a sweet actress, and an amiable lady. Mrs. Wheatley plays the part with sprightliness and humour. Barnes is effective in a greedy old villain, and Barry sufficiently sensible in a walking sea-captain. The others are not particularly note-worthy. One suggestion we would make to the property-man, that the *figurantes* be supplied with a new or at least a clean wardrobe.

Mr. Pelby has concluded his engagement. It has not been so successful as to warrant any renewal.

Mr. Conway (an actor of a higher cast) has commenced a series of his favourite characters. He opens in *Beverly*. How much we wish for his complete success, it is scarcely necessary for us to say.

The New York Theatre—After a retirement of some months from that stage of which she was so youthful and so brilliant an ornament, Signorina Garcia has once more burst upon the town with all her wealth of talents. She appeared for the first time in English Opera on Monday last. Her idiom is much purer than could have been expected, and the slight foreign tinge which hangs about it gives her English dialect a romantic fascination. "The Devil's Bridge" is an established favourite with musical play-goers, and the songs of *Count Belino* are some of Braham's most delightful compositions. "'Tis but Fancy's sketch"—and "Is there a heart?" were sung by the Signorina with a grace, spirit, and feeling not to be exceeded. They were not, indeed, given with the marvellous power of Braham, but they were for a female, remarkable for their touching energy.—"William Tell" was, however, her most successful effort. "Like the gloom of night"—she sang very beautifully.—In spite of the Signorina's occasional timidity her whole performance was a complete triumph. We trust that she will take to herself a larger portion of firmness, and deliver the text with the spirit and confidence which mark her Italian acting. The house was crowded with a numerous and fashionable audience.

Chatham Theatre.—The Londoners would be not a little surprised to hear of a successful tragedy being produced at a minor Theatre. Things are managed differently here, and our tragedies, comedies and operas, are as liberally and tastefully produced at the minors as they are at the ancient and venerable majors of the Park. On Monday Jouy's tragedy of *Sylla* was brought out at the Chatham. The translator, a gentleman of this city, has not given his name to the pub-

lic. He might have done so without any fear of criticism. His task has been accomplished in a creditable manner. The translation is singularly faithful, and occasionally elegant. Still the acting value of the piece would have been greatly enhanced by a more liberal curtailment of scenes and speeches. French tragedy is of a more declamatory character than suits the genius of the English stage, and its dialogue has a great tendency to run into what they themselves call *longueurs*. We felt something of this in the performance of *Sylla*. The whole interest of the tragedy depends upon a single personage. In the rest of the characters there is a great deficiency of energy, variety, and passion. In Paris the want of general interest was not so deeply felt in consequence of the sublime acting of Talma. Of all the performances of that great dramatic genius there was none which presented a more magnificent impersonation of heroic character than his *Sylla*. Popular opinion asserted that Talma throughout the piece endeavoured to imitate the manner of Napoleon, and this belief, very commonly entertained, gave the tragedy an extraordinary success. But Talma's genius required no such adventitious aid. It was complete and powerful in itself. There are some passages in this tragedy far more vehement than would have been looked for from Mons. Jouy, whose productions belong to a more temperate and gentile cast. The following soliloquy and dream (to which the Parisian critics objected on the score of its being too passionate and English), are of a higher tone of feeling than we commonly find in the French tragedy. It should be observed that in order to be *literal* the translator has foregone all attempts to be elegant.

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The peaceful tomb for which I sometimes pray—
To die! in short to sleep!—Why should I live
Through weary poisoned days? At last
My soul, much less oppressed, permits my thought
To float upon a wave of happiness.

[He sleeps and dreams aloud.]
What is it I see? What power within these dark
Abodes resuscitates the ghosts of those
I have proscribed? What will ye have of me,
Deserters from the tombs? Ye offer me
The tatters of your frames! I punished ye
And your accomplices—for crime—Beware!
My heaviest torments are preparing now
I see them all, their arms towards my bed
Shake their drawn daggers o'er my breast.
Oh Gods! their hands are all in act to strike—
Help, Victors! help!—&c. &c.

This scene was acted by Talma with the most terrifying effect, and Mr. Booth, who performed *Sylla* here, gave it with great and unusual energy. From the preceding extract some notion of the style of the play may be gathered. The actors appeared anxious to do their best, but it is not every denizen of a theatre, who knows how to sustain a Roman character. Booth and Wallack were very happy in their representation of *Sylla* and *Roscius*. Mrs. Blake, in *Valeria*, displayed a degree of talent scarcely to be hoped from an actress of genteel comedy. The rest were "very tolerable and not to be endured." We are bound to speak well of the dresses and properties of the stage. They were all in excellent condition, and saving a few anachronisms, historically correct. Of the scenery this cannot be said. The Forum scene was sadly unlike the reality. Yet nothing could be easier and cheaper than an accurate transcript of the Roman Forum. A few other scenes might be objected to as inappropriate. They reminded us of the Flemish painting, where the sacrifice of *Isaac* is about to be effected by a huge horse-pistol. It is well to have these things correct, though only a scanty portion of the audience is capable of knowing, or disposed to care, whether they are correct or not. However, the most fastidious critic is rarely called upon to censure the scenery and getting-up of the Chatham representations. The translator's benefit on Wednesday was very generously and deservedly patronized.

BRIAN BOROIHME.

Chatham Theatre—We have been favoured, with a brief sketch of this drama, so long advertised, and which will be produced on Monday evening—it is founded, we understand, on an event memorable in Irish history—namely, the battle of Clontarf, when Erin's sons, led by their old yet heroic Monarch, drove the barbarian Danish host into the sea and banished the savage foe from their favoured shores, crowning their deeds by victory and glory—hallowing their land of song—giving fresh verdure to poetry—consecrating the memory of the brave, and spreading fame like sparkling gems o'er all the sweet land of the west.

We, for our own parts, are glad to perceive that Ireland is at last chosen as the scene of a drama wherein something of more moment than mere laugh, whim, and fun are the objects. We hear of Irish, with Irish hospitality, and Irish valour (never yet doubted); but why all the strong, high, and noble qualities of the *Emerald Isle* should not, combined, be made the theme, and exhibited before us on the stage, we know not.—We have been charmed with tales of "Fair Albion," and "the land of the north"—and now shall be happy to hail a story of "Green Erin"—particularly as it is told by a bard of no common power. *James Sheridan Knowles*—who taught us to love and revere "Virginius," and his virtuous daughter—who warmed each heart to "Tell," and freedom—is the magician that sings of other days, and of his own loved *Isle*, when mighty "Brian" swayed—the introduction of this play must prove a source of gratification to the sons of Ireland, and they are numerous in our city—their hearts will doubtless beat in rapture at the mention of great "Brian's" name—every eye rest with pleasure on the pictures of home, now far away—and each expression of feeling or of sentiment, steal like music o'er their souls, warming to enthusiasm or melting into love.

The managers of this establishment deserve the highest encouragement for their liberality on this, as on every other occasion; and we doubt not the public will duly appreciate their labours and their taste. We can say in perfect confidence, that no expense has been spared to render the piece under consideration worthy the subject, the gifted author—and the liberal, generous city of New-York.

Brian Boroihme opens with a view of a fortified mountain pass, *Howth* or *Ben Sadder*, as it was anciently called, and the bay of

Dublin, with the Danish flotilla at anchor—A party of the Danes, headed by their chief *Tormagnus*, reach the shore, and are met by a scout, previously sent to treat with a degenerate slave of Brian, who for a bribe has sold the secret of a subterranean pass, leading from an abbey ruin and the tomb of St. Patrick to "Bertha's" shrine, where "Erina," daughter of "Brian," was wont at early morn to bow before her saint; the savage Dane, as he received the secret, stabbed his victim to the heart. "Tormagnus" designed to break a solemn truce, to seize the Princess, make her his bride, and by that knot look proudly on the crown, never doubting that the land of "Erin" would own his sway; his cold, bleak, and barren hills faded from his view, and he already rested amid the luxuriant vales of green Erin; his purpose, for the present, however, is defeated; for as the grey dawn, under the shade of which the Danes had reached the shore passed away, and smiling morn opened her golden eye—the Irish guard advancing to relieve the pass, gave the signal for a swift retreat—the Irish party, on entering to their stitious encounter "O'Donohue," lord of the lakes, a leader of high standing (and a lover of the Princess Erina), who under cover of a dark and stormy night had learned the treachery of the foe—their force and time of march "Brian" is now informed of the Danish plan, and determines to surprise and conquer—but first wills that the order of knighthood shall be conferred on the lord of the lakes—and the Chapel of the "Knights of Connor" is chosen as the scene wherein to consecrate Knight and leader. While preparations are making for the installation, a party of the Danes have reached the Abbey ruin—the night is dark and stormy—the moon rises, then turns to blood, as if indicative of their coming fate—the storm dies away; the moon appears clear, and the floor of heaven studded thick with glittering stars. [This scene is by Coyle, and beautifully painted.] As "Tormagnus" is about to enter the ruin he is accosted by "Vollimer" a daring gloomy spirit, but noble, honourable, and kind hearted, like a rich rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. He endeavours to dissuade "Tormagnus" from his purpose, but in vain. One party follow their chief into the ruin: the other remain to guard the entrance. The installation of "O'Donohue" follows in all pomp and splendour. The ceremony is scarcely ended, before the sad tidings are brought that the Princess has been seized at the altar and borne away.—O'Donohue, on discovering how Erina had been taken, rushes towards the shrine, followed by his friends and Brian's guard, leaving the old Monarch overcome by grief for his child's loss. The Danes have now passed from the ruin, bearing the Princess with them; but as they are about to pile the stones which hide the entrance, O'Donohue and his guards enter from the tomb, rescue Erina, and drive the Danes to seek refuge in their distant camp; they rally, however, and return immediately to the charge. The princess is borne to the vault, and O'Donohue, with two faithful followers remains to secure the retreat of Erina. The Danes, by the bravery of the Irish party, are for some time repulsed; at last the friends of O'Donohue fall, and he himself is made prisoner and carried in triumph to the Danish camp. All means are tried to soothe "Great Brian"—but in vain. At last Erina rushes to his arms, and for a moment his cares are hushed. A messenger arrives from Tormagnus, demanding Erina's hand, and O'Donohue is held as hostage for compliance. Brian's lofty soul disdains alliance with Scandinavian blood, and vows rather than yield, his own hand shall slay his child. With the assurance that O'Donohue must die a cruel death the Danish envoy departs.—instant preparation is made for muster and for battle, and each Irish heart beats high. O'Donohue is now brought before Tormagnus, by whom he is cruelly taunted, and offered liberty on condition that he will sell his country. Rejecting this, he is dragged to a dungeon, and loaded with chains. But it appears he has made a deep impression on the heart of Tormagnus' mistress who is with him in the camp, and she resolves to release him. At this juncture, Erina, disguised as a blind harper boy, is led to the presence of the heartless Dane, she tries her skill, and he desires that she be conducted to Elgitha's tent—orders are given for the instant death of the Prince, and with the sound Erina faints. Vollimer, the dark but kind spirit is near, discovers the disguised princess and vows to serve her—she is then taken to the tent of Elgitha, who conceives a plan of escape for O'Donohue: the harper boy is appointed to convey it, and he is conducted to the prison of the Irish chief; Elgitha, enters almost immediately after the boy, and offers liberty on sacrificing his faith to Ireland's princess, which he indignantly refuses; the harper finds means to explain the disguise, and he consents on condition that the boy shall accompany them. Elgitha, forbids this, suspicion darts across her mind, and during the purley "Tormagnus" and guards enter the prison, the princess is discovered, and borne in chains to the tyrants tent, while O'Donohue is left to darkness and despair; as "Tormagnus" is watching in savage anxiety the return of the Princess to light and life, he is alarmed at the news of "Vollimer" and his band having assailed the dungeon of the Irish chief, with intent to set him free, he rushes to check by his presence this revolting spirit; at that moment "Vollimer" enters through the tent, and finds Erina still alive, and bears her fainting in his arms, from this scene of danger and of infamy: the Irish force have now assembled, and headed by "Brian," the glorious banner of the Harp is waved aloft—they strike up "St. Patrick," and march to victory or death—"Vollimer," with the Princess "Erina" still in his arms, is even making his way to the Irish camp—he is pursued, and almost overpowered—when "Brian" and his soldiers enter—"Vollimer" restores "Erina" to her father, and leads the Irish force, under cover of the hill, to the rescue of "O'Donohue," who is now chained to the rack—the Irish party rush in—free "O'Donohue"—a general fight ensues—the camps are fired—*Tormagnus falls*—Brian, Vollimer, and Erina enter—the Banner of the Harp is raised, that of the Danes torn and defaced, thrown at the feet of Brian, who joins the hands of Erina and O'Donohue, and the curtain falls. Such is the outline of this interesting play. There is, besides, a very pleasing under-plot, which we have not room to describe. Many of the most delightful Irish airs have been selected, and particularly for the bards and harpers. The story is well chosen—the incidents admirably arranged—the characters drawn by a master hand, and the language possessing all that quaintness and power, for which Mr. Knowles is so justly celebrated.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT! does there exist a believer in witchcraft in 1828? Doubtless, exclaims the reader. Yes, I maintain that though the "march of mind" is making sad inroads on the "wisdom of our ancestors," yet several instances within the last three years will bear out my assumption, that a belief in witchcraft still prevails amongst the peasantry of our country to a considerable extent. I allude to those cases where the offenders were brought to the bar of public justice. The swimming case in Suffolk in 1825 must be fresh in the minds of my readers. Leaving these "modern instances," which form no part of the object of the present paper, I shall proceed briefly to trace the origin of witchcraft, with such anecdotes as may be required to season the subject for the general reader.

The progress of intellect in the human race towards perfection, during the last century, has certainly been much more rapid than could have been expected. The "simplicity of old times" consisted in a great measure of a sort of gloomy dogmatism and obtuseness of intellect, the fetters of which happily have lost their effect on mankind. "That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upstove in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful, innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen, when no wind was stirring," remarks a popular writer, "were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood." In short, the age of superstition has passed away—the light of philosophy, so discordant to the lover of witchcraft or a ghost story, has burst in and "scattered them to the winds," and we are no longer troubled and tormented with the flight of wizards on broomsticks,

or the visitation of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, with all their trumpery." A witch, according to old descriptions, was generally blessed with a "wrinkled face, a furrowed brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue, a ragged coat on her back, a scull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side;" and Lord Coke pithily describes a "*witch* to be a person that hath conference with the devil, to consult with him or to do some act." In former times the most eminent men and philosophers (Sir Thomas Browne for instance) were not proof against the prevailing opinions. A contemporary writer observes, that one would imagine that the establishment of Protestantism would have conduced to the abolition of this lamentable and pernicious credulity. But the Reformation did not arrive with great rapidity at its full extent, and the belief in witchcraft long continued to "overspread the land." Indeed it has been proved by Hutchinson, in his *Essay on Witchcraft*, that the change of religion at first rather augmented than diminished the evil. A degree of importance, hardly credible in these times, was attached to it; and in the sixteenth century the unbelievers were accounted "Sadducees, Atheists, and Infidels." One of the most eminent divines of his day, a strenuous advocate of the belief in witchcraft, characterises them thus in the most forcible language. *O tempora!*

It is not surprising, therefore, that the supposed dabblers in the infernal art were hunted out and exposed to the most dreadful cruelty and oppression, not only from those who imagined they had suffered under their charms, but from the very laws of the realm also. The first trial of any note took place in 1593. Three persons, old Samuel and his wife and daughter Agnes, were condemned at

Huntingdon, before Mr. Justice Fenner, for bewitching a Mr. Throgmorton's family, &c.

A few years after an advocate for this belief appeared from no less a quarter than the throne itself. King James I. in his *Demonologie*, completely superseded Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, a work which so completely unmasked the whole machinery, and was a storehouse of facts on the subject. The infection, commenced at the throne, soon reached the parliament, and (as it has been observed, the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion) a statute was passed in the first year of king James, having for its object, as expressed in the preamble, "the more effectual punishment of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters, and conjurors." The statute is worded with great care, and contains many clauses which our limits forbid inserting, but which include every description of the "crime." The punishment was enacted to be the pillory for the first offence, (even though its object were not effected,) and death for the second. "Thus was the detestable doctrine established both by law and fashion; and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire where their number was greater than that of the houses." There was dreadful havoc in that county after this law had passed. Lancashire has always been remarkable for the number of its witches.

Though the information we have to go upon cannot of course be considered as very accurate, yet it has been ascertained that between the commencement of the statute in question (1602) and the year 1701, in the space of one century, three thousand one hundred and ninety-two persons, whose age, poverty, or infirmities

rendered them objects of attention, were executed for the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. The act alluded to was rigorously enforced during this period, and the above calculation is probably very much under the mark, and does not include the numbers that were tried on suspicion, but acquitted for want of sufficient proof of the charges alleged against them. The most trivial and frivolous circumstances were sufficient to commence a prosecution against the unfortunate objects of suspicion, and their trials were conducted in the most summary manner. In that respect there is a striking similarity between this epoch and the reign of terror in France.

In 1634 seventeen Pendle-forest witches were condemned in Lancashire, by the infamous contrivances of a boy only eleven years of age and his father. Amongst other charges equally wonderful and miraculous, this little villain deposed that a greyhound was transformed by their agency into "one Dickenson's wife," &c. These poor creatures, however, obtained a reprieve, and were sent to London, where they were first viewed and examined by his majesty's physicians and surgeons, and then by "*his majesty himself and the council*." The result was that the boy's contrivances were exposed and properly punished. In 1664, Alice Hudson, who was burnt at York, said she received money from the devil, ten shillings at a time.

In the same year the most singular trial which has been recorded took place before Chief Justice Hale at Bury-St.-Edmunds. Notwithstanding the acknowledged piety and learning of this eminent character, he was as credulous, and followed as nearly as possible in the footsteps of the most unrelenting of his precursors. I regret I cannot find room for the details of this remarkable trial, which ended in the conviction and execution of Amy Dany and Rose Callender. There were thirteen indictments against the prisoners, which all consisted of charges of the most frivolous

nature ; but Sir T. Browne, of Norwich, decided the matter on being asked for his opinion. Lord Hale would not sum up, but left the case to the jury, praying "that the great God of heaven would direct their hearts in this weighty matter."

Much has been said and written on the possibility of raising his Satanic majesty. However, the potentate is said sometimes to have favoured us mortals with a visit unasked. It is related that Mr. White, of Dorchester, the assessor to the Westminster Assembly, was one night visited by the arch-fiend himself, who met with a reception that must have astonished him in no slight degree. "The devil, in a light night, stood by his bedside. The assessor looked awhile whether he would say or do any thing ; and then said, 'If thou hast nothing to do, I have,' and so turned

himself to sleep." Several erudite scholars have advocated the possibility of raising him ; and Defoe, who has paid more attention to the "devil's circumstances and proceedings with mankind" than any other individual, tries to prove, that "although we can hardly suppose that the master-devil comes himself at the summons of every ugly old woman," yet there are several "emissaries, aides-de-camp, or devil's angels, who come and converse personally with witches, and are ready for their support and assistance on all occasions of business." The story of St. Dunstan conversing with and taking the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers, is well known in the annals of fame.

I have already exceeded my limits, and must conclude for the present.

FROM COSANOVA DE STEINGALT'S MEMOIRS.

Horrible Practical Joke.

Towards the end of autumn, Fabrius introduced me to a very amiable and well-informed family, whose residence was in the country, at a place called Zero. Our amusements here were playing billiards, talking to the ladies, and mystifying each other. This last amusement was sometimes pushed a little too far; but it was considered a want of heroism to evince any ill-humour, however severe the ordeal might be. You are expected to take the thing in good part, or else submit to be looked upon as a dolt. Sometimes, in getting into bed, it gave way beneath you, or your slumbers were disturbed by some sheeted ghost gliding in your apartment. At other times, the ladies were presented with comfits or sweetmeats, the inevitable effect of which may be more easily imagined than told. As for me, I was not only rich in inventions of this nature, but showed myself possessed of the most inexhaustible patience under the tricks played off on me, until I became a victim of one which inspired me with the most ardent desire of vengeance. We often directed our walks toward a farm, which was about half a league distant. The way to this farm was crossed by a wide ditch, over which was thrown a strong plank that served as a bridge. I generally passed first over this narrow bridge, to encourage the ladies, and engage them to follow me. One fine day I took the lead of the company as usual, when, on reaching the middle of the plank, it suddenly gave way, and fell with me into the ditch, where there was not, it must be confessed, a drop of water, but what was worse, a considerable depth of black and fetid mud. Although embalmed in this up to the ears, I put on a good countenance, and joined in the general laugh that accompanied my fall; but this was not of long duration, for all the company agreed that the trick was by far too severe a one. Some of the neighbouring peasantry were sent for, who drew me out of the mire in the most deplorable state; my summer suit, embroidered in gold, lace frills and ruffles, and silk stockings, were completely spoiled. I pretended to make light of all this, laughing at the adventure; but determined in my own mind to take bloody vengeance, if necessary, for so unworthy a jest. In order to discover the author, it became necessary to affect the most complete indifference. On being taken back to the house, I was kindly accommodated with linen and clothes, having brought no supply with me, as I had come to remain only twenty-four hours. The next morning I went to town, but returned in the evening, and joined the company as if nothing had happened. Fabrius, who viewed the thing in the same light as I did, told me it would be impossible to discover the author of this trick, but by promising a ducat to a peasant girl, if she would tell me who saved the plank. I succeeded. She pointed me out a young man, whose tongue I untied with another ducat, accompanied by menaces. He confessed to me that he acted under the

orders of a Mr. Demetrius, a Greek merchant, a man between forty-five and fifty years of age, of an agreeable and jovial disposition, on whom the only mystification I ever played off, was outrivalling him in the good graces of Madame de K's *femme de chambre*, to whom he had taken a liking. In the whole course of my life, I never fatigued my brain so much as upon this occasion, in endeavouring to invent some trick with which to plague this cursed Greek. I was desirous it should be at least as extraordinary and disagreeable as the one he had served me. The more I thought on the subject, the less likely I seemed to obtain the object of my wishes: till a passing funeral suggested an idea to me that I lost no time in executing. Towards midnight I repaired alone, armed with a cutlass, to the church-yard, where I disinterred the newly buried body, and with some difficulty cut off the arm at the shoulder joint; after replacing the body in the earth, I returned with the dead man's arm, and got unperceived to my room. The next night I quitted the company after supper, and taking with me the dead man's arm, I stole into the Greek's room, and concealed myself under the bed. A quarter of an hour afterwards my Greek entered his room, undressed himself, put out the light, and went to bed. When I supposed he was asleep, I gently drew the quilt half off. He awoke, and said, laughing, "Get away with you, whoever you may be, for I do not believe in ghosts." He then drew up the quilt, and turned again to sleep. After waiting five or six minutes, I recommenced my operations, and he again laughed; but when he endeavoured to draw up the quilt, I held it back, and he immediately stretched forth his hand to seize that of the person whom he supposed to be under the bed. Instead of letting him catch mine, I put the dead man's hand into his, taking care to keep a strong hold of the arm. The Greek made a most violent effort to draw towards him, by the hand which he had seized, the person to whom it belonged; when suddenly I let go my hold, and the Greek spoke not a word, or uttered the least cry. Having played off my trick, I regained my room, and went to bed, thinking I had given him a good fright, and nothing more. But the next morning I was awakened by a confused noise of people running backwards and forwards through the house. I got up to learn the cause, and on meeting the lady of the house, she told me that I had pushed things too far. "Why, what is the matter?" "Mr. Demetrius is dead!"—"Well, what have I to do with his death?"—"She quitted me without making any answer; and I, though not a little alarmed, went to the Greek's room, fully determined to affect the most profound ignorance of this adventure. All the inmates of the house were assembled there, and I found, besides, the cure engaged in a violent altercation with the beadle, who positively refused to bury the arm, which still lay in the room. Every one looked upon me with horror, and in vain did I protest that I was a total stranger to the affair.

From all sides they cried out, "it was you; for you alone are capable of doing such an act; it resembles you in every particular." The cure told me that I had committed a very heinous crime, and that it was his duty to inform the proper authorities of it. I told him he might do as he pleased; for as I had nothing to reproach myself with, I had no cause to be afraid. At dinner, I learned that the Greek, after being blooded, had opened his eyes, but that he was unable to speak, and that all his limbs were paralyzed; the next day he recovered his speech; when I left the house he was still paralytic, and his mind in a very enfeebled state, from which it never completely recovered during the rest of his life. The cure had caused the arm to be reburied, and communicated all the details of the affair to the episcopal chancellor of Trevisa.

THE TWO FATHERS.

The Athenæum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines (1817-1833); Mar 1, 1827; 6, 11;
American Periodicals
pg. 439

THE TWO FATHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE."

THERE was the sound of stifled sobbing throughout the whole house, the fires were extinct on all the hearths, and by the glimmer of neglected lights small groups of weeping friends were sitting in remote rooms, silent, or now and then uttering a few words from which all the tones of hope had faded away, and that struck their hearts, at intervals, like the very toll of the passing bell. In one apartment there was a perfect hush, and no more motion than on a frozen sea. Therein lay on her death-bed, but still breathing, as sweet a child as ever folded hands before God,—over her countenance, white as the shrouded sheet, her parents had long been hanging, and dropping their last kisses on the

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closed unconscious eyes,—he whose skill had been in vain bestowed on the sufferer night and day, stood at the foot of the couch with a solemn face overspread with that profound pity which melteth not in tears,—and the holy man who had continued to read to her the words of him who died to save sinners, even after her speech was gone and her resignation was seen only in a few fast vanishing smiles, now bowed down his silver hairs in the gloom, and at the very moment of her soul's departure to heaven remained in the posture of reverential prayer.

The change from life to death, gradual as it may have been in its progress, smites the loving heart that beholds it with a pang as sudden as if there had been no previous despair. There had been a faint irregular breath for the parents to listen to,—there had been a motion of the bosom for them to gaze on,—a quivering of the eyelids that, miserable though it was to see, showed that their child was yet among the living. But now breath or motion there was none,—her name was the name of a shadow—for her life had ceased to be,—she had left the world in which they dwelt and would continue to dwell;—the separation was infinite, the loss beyond the power of their smitten hearts to conceive, and religion itself, that had hitherto borne them up, deserted them in that extremity, and they both sank down together on the floor. No foot approached them—no hand was stretched out to succour them in their swoon,—for the friends who beheld the agony stood aloof in their awe, and left them to the care of him who in his most dreadful judgments is still the God of mercy.

For an hour the parents were left alone in that chamber—for scenes of suffering there are, which to witness is almost to profane. None went near them; and the few dear friends that were in the house dropped away one by one to their own homes. The servants watched every louder groan that echoed through the stillness of the dark, and in whispers spoke of

the saintly character of the beloved dead. "Too good was she," they said; "too beautiful to live long;" and she who had tended her from her birth showed a ringlet of her hair cut off during her last mortal sleep, while many a tear fell on its golden glow from eyes little used to weep, and sentiments were expressed by those humble folk most affecting in their purity and solemnity;—such is the influence of sacred sorrow on the spirits of all the children of the dust.

Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and lo! with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other across its breast, lay the mother in a profound sleep! Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelical smile was on both,—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power of some invisible spirit, towards the solitary parish church that stood, among its multitude of burial heaps, under the gloom of an old pine-grove. Lonesome was the road he took, up a ravine darkened with trees, and filled with the constant thunder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unappalled he passed along the edges of precipices and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drove him along; for his soul in its passion could no longer grapple with realities, and all it knew was that there had been most dismal death. Misery more than man could endure was quaking at his heart—but his reason was so shaken, that it lost hold of the cause why of all God's creatures on this wretched earth he should be the most wretched, and thus ordered out

for ever and ever into the haunted wilderness.

There came a pause to his agony, and lifting up his eyes, once more he knew the heavens, and wept. Then the image of his child lay before him, with its face looking up to all those glorious luminaries, and he remembered that she was dead. His seat was a gravestone—the shadows of the church-tower lay across the moonlight burial-ground—and the far-off mysterious murmur of midnight was as a sound from another world.

Then arose, in the silence of that lonesome church-yard, the clamour of a grief that knew not how great it was till, far away from human voice and eye, it thus poured itself forth like a torrent, sounding along when all living things were asleep. All the blessings that Providence had bestowed,—so many, so pure, so high, and so undeserved,—were now all forgotten, or remembered in bitterness of spirit, almost with an upbraiding ingratitude. “What means the goodness of God, since he has gathered all his gifts into one, and then destroyed them all by one dread decree? Better, oh better far, that she had never been born,—that smiles such as hers had never been, since they have all passed away,—that mine eyes had never seen her kneeling in prayer,—that— Oh thou great, and thou dreadful God! is her voice indeed mute for ever?—Can it be that our Emmeline is dead,—and soon, soon to be buried among these hideous tombstones?” He dashed himself down on a cold stone slab, green with the mosses of many years, and writhing like a wounded worm, muttered curses on his existence, supplications for pardon, wailings for the dead, and prayers in behalf of her over whom, although he now knew it not, God had thrown the mantle of a profound sleep, out of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

A shadow moved over the church-yard, there was a sound as of steps,
55 ATHENEUM, VOL. 6, 2d series.

and the miserable man felt himself in the presence of some one whom he could not yet discern.—The feeling of that presence disarmed his grief,—something like shame for his weakness blended with the recollection of its rueful cause,—and starting to his feet, by a sudden effort of self-command he prepared himself to be seen and spoken to by one of his fellow-christians. The figure of an old man stood close beside him, and he at once recognized the solemn countenance of him who had been praying to his daughter on her death-bed. It seemed as if tears were in those aged eyes; pity overspread all his features, pity was in his locks white as the snow, pity trembled in his folded hands, and pity bent down that body more even than the weight of three score and ten years. “My son, this is a sacred place, and God will to the prayers of a contrite heart send down peace from heaven—even the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. I bid thee to be of good cheer,—for where can mortal creatures like us so feel the vanity of sorrow as in the field of graves?”

There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large lustrous star seeming nearer to the earth, and the solitary church-yard to be received into the very bosom of the sky. The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and the dreadful darkness rolled off from the decrees of Providence. The mystery of the dream of life grew more supportable; and he thought he heard the voice of an angel singing a hymn. Well known and dearly beloved was that voice! For many blessed years it had been heard amidst the shadow and sunshine of this earth; but now it wavered away far off into the blue celestial depths, murmuring a holy, almost a joyful, farewell.

The old man bent over his son and wept. “O father, for by that name from youth upwards have I loved to call thee, join with me in humblest supplication to heaven for pardon of my mad impiety!”

They knelt down together,—he, that grey-headed man, who had long been familiar with sorrow, and well acquainted with grief, and he that had never before bowed down at the bidding of a broken heart. The sighing and the sobbing were all now from the breast of him who had seemed unassailable to earthly troubles. Drenched were his wrinkled cheeks with tears, and he bowed his white hairs down even to the flowers that smiled in the moonlight on a grassy grave.

“O my son! pray thou also for thy poor old father! for know that only a few hours before I left my home to pray by little Emmeline’s bed, my own daughter,—the sole daughter of my age,—was called away from me,—my Lucy lies like thy Emmeline—no more—no more than dust!”

O the great goodness, and the exceeding love of the human heart, that all life-long has been under the inspiration of a heaven-born faith! Utterly desolate was now the house of this aged minister of religion!—no one now to accompany him on his evening walk;—to read the chapter at morning and evening prayer;—to watch the daily change that steals over the face and the frame of him who had nearly reached the hill-foot of his pilgrimage; and to close his eyes at last when willingly they shall have become blind to this weary world!

The son now laid himself down at his father’s feet, and in tenderest and most reverential embrace, bathed them in contrite tears. It was now his turn to be the comforter; and in that awful trance, his own affliction changed into a sadness near akin to peace. He remembered that God chasteneth those he loves; the image of his wife, so beautiful in her resignation, and at

that very hour cheered and strengthened by dreams sent from heaven, was brought suddenly before him; the promises contained in the Book of Life, holier and firmer far than any vows that can ever breathe from the lips of creatures of the clay, became embodied in those scriptural expressions so charged with love divine; and between the place where he and his father now stood, once more tranquil and without a groan, and the light of all those glorious stars and constellations, appeared for a moment the Shadow of a Cross.

The old man was the first to speak, and after that short fit of passion, his soul had subsided into the habitual and holy calm that broods over the declining years of the pious. Old age, too, by a gracious dispensation of Providence, becomes subdued in all its afflictions. Intense emotion it can contemplate with quiet sympathy in others; but when standing on the confines of another world, rightly considers all such emotion in its own case vanity of vanities. The past is as a painful or a pleasant dream; the future is felt to be the sole reality. He had parted with his daughter for a little while, and why should that little while be disturbed, blending as it was perceptibly with the dawning of an eternal day? “We shall meet, my son, on the sabbath-day, in the house of God. One funeral sermon will suffice for them both—your Emmeline and my Lucy—few tears now have I to shed,—you may have many,—let them flow freely at morning and evening sacrifice.”

Again and again they embraced one another with mutual benedictions; and then parted, each on the way to his own dwelling; the old man into the gloom of the upper glen, and his son away down the light that bathed the vale widening towards the plain and the sea.

THE WITCH OF THE EAST CLIFF.

WHO now believes in ghosts, or shudders at the recital of a tale from the land of spirits? The apparitions that haunted the dark ages have vanished before the light of reason and revelation—the fairies have forsaken their green rings in the forest—the merry hobgoblin has dwindled into a mere vapour, and quenched his wandering light in the marsh—and the country church-yard is no longer guarded by the flitting shadows of the beings “whose years are with those beyond the flood.” The mouldering remains of the fathers of the village are left in undisturbed and lone serenity; the way-faring man rests his weary limbs on the once haunted stile, and carelessly views the moonbeams glancing on their graves. A citizen would shrug up his shoulders, and ridicule the absurdity of ghosts in the nineteenth century; and even in the country,

only a faint shadow of the old superstition remains.

The recital of such tales round a winter fire-side, when the wind roared without, and bent the old elms over our antiquated mansion, was ever hailed by me with interest and pleasure. They constituted an indefinite charm, giving rise to ideas which bordered on the wild and wonderful. Yet I was ever a fearless disbeliever in supernatural appearances. They amused and called forth the powers of a wayward imagination, but made no deeper impression. It is not of the spectre that haunts W—Hall I mean to speak;—that ancient edifice, with its round towers, and Gothic gateways, whose venerable front has seen ages pass away, and succeeding generations tread its oaken floors. What would such a building be in the country, where the old superstition still fond-

ly lingers without its attendant spirit? I remember listening, when a child, with intense interest, to the old house-keeper's details respecting the lady in white, who, as the hall clock strikes twelve, glides down the great staircase, crosses with hurried steps the stone court, and, amidst piteous sobs and groans, vainly essays, at the cistern in the centre of the quadrangle, to obliterate from her hands and garments the stains of blood. Time has swallowed up some fearful legend connected with this spectre. We may conjecture that this second Lady Macbeth acted a conspicuous part in some tragedy, for which the superstitious peasantry attached this punishment to her restless ghost.

Mine is a more marvellous, and, strange to say, a more improbable tale, although I had it from the mouth of the principal actor in the drama, who as religiously believes the wonders he relates, as a good Catholic does the miracles performed by Prince Hohenlohe. I was staying with a widowed aunt, in the summer of 1822, at a small seaport town on the eastern coast of England, and by mere accident became acquainted with the narrator—Joel Skelton. His wife was renowned throughout the adjacent country for her superior skill in laying out a corpse, and was a sort of female undertaker, performing the last offices to all who died in her vicinity. When difficult cases occurred, she was assisted in these melancholy duties by her husband, a short, stout, hale old man, who, to judge by his appearance, might have bidden defiance to the powers of darkness. Few who contemplated Joel Skelton's comical red face and merry grey eyes, would have thought him a fitting subject for witches and hobgoblins to play their pranks on. Returning from the beach, one fine moonlight night, I happened to pass by Joel's little cabin. The jovial proprietor was seated on the bench, within the ivy-covered porch, which commanded a fine view of the German Ocean, talking with great energy to an old weather-beaten seaman, leaning against the door-way. This

grey-haired auditor held the can of beer untasted in his hand, and had suffered the ashes to expire in his pipe, while listening, with open mouth and expanded eyes, to Skelton's marvellous relations. Curiosity tempted me to draw nearer; and I soon had the tale, with the improvements and additions which a hundred relations had furnished.

"You have heard, neighbour Sampson, of old Rachel?" said Joel, twisting his Welch wig a little on his head, which was always the prelude of a story—"old Rachel Lagon, who lived forty years ago just under the brow of the East Cliff?"

"Aye! aye! Master Joel!" responded the seamen, "to my cost—If I cast my eyes on the hag before we set sail, our vessel was sure to be crossed by contrary winds; and she threw such a mist before us, that you would have thought Old Nick himself stood at the helm. Let us steer our course which way we would, we always found ourselves off the Barnet, or near the accursed Goodwin Sands. Many's the good ship she has sunk with her spells, which left the port with a fair wind, and never again entered the harbour."

"She was old Rachel when I was a boy, and that's a many years ago," resumed Joel; "and her name was up for a witch through the country. I was a wild reckless dog; and as to fear—at that time I had still to learn the meaning of the word. My father died when I was young, and left me to bring up two sisters; which I did, to the best of my poor abilities. In the course of time, the girls went to a distance—each in respectable servitude. God bless them both! they are dead and gone; but at that period they were my only care, and I loved them dearly. It was a sore privation to me that we met only once a year, which was generally at Christmas. Do you remember my uncle, old Nat. Howe, who kept the Jolly Fisherman?"

"Do I, Joel! aye, many's the time that I have wished for a draught of his home-brewed when my throat has been as dry as a salt herring, and

the wind has been piping through the shrouds. But what of old Nat? He has cast his anchor in the church yard, and his name is nearly forgotten."

"His house was our place of meeting," said Joel; "and he gave us a hearty welcome and plenty of good cheer. It was on one of these occasions that my first acquaintance with old Rachel commenced. The fiddle had been going for several days; and we kept it up with dancing and drinking from night to night. The song and the jest were not wanting; and many a young heart was merry then, which is long since cold in the grave. The hour of parting came at length, and a bitter hour it was to me. My wife was a smart rosy girl at that time of day, and was one of the company. She lived with my sister Deborah, at D— Hall (which you know is a long way up the London road.) They had to cross W— Heath, and that desolate track of moorland, which is now converted into sheep walks, and a terrible lonesome place it was. I always saw the girls over the heath; and while they were putting on their hats, I, half seas over, began bragging of my courage. My swaggering speeches attracted the attention of an old sailor, who had been quietly smoking his pipe in the chimney corner. Willing to put my boasted courage to the test, he dared me to stop at old Rachel's cottage, and have my fortune told. The frolic pleased me—I swore to make acquaintance with the witch before the moon was an hour older. Off we set, the moon being bright, the wind high, and the frost hard upon the ground. Our path, for a mile, lay along the beach. The sea was fearfully rough, and there was one fine vessel struggling with the breakers. As we approached Rachel's hut, we heard the old beldame singing, and muttering spells to herself. Her song I shall never forget—it sounded like the meeting of angry waters when the wind rolls back the advancing billow, and strows the beach with foam. It was as near as I can recollect, to the following effect:—

'Hark! to the rave
Of wind and wave!
Hark to the seamow's cry!
The moon is bright,
She casts her light
From a wild and stormy sky.

'Like wreaths of snow,
Round yon vessel's prow,
The flashing waters fly!
The sounding surge
Shall ring its dirge,
Tossing the foam on high

'No prayers shall save
Her crew from the grave,
That darkly yawns below.
They cling to the shrouds,
And watch the clouds,
As the rack drives to and fro

'They shall hope and pray,
For the dawning day,
As the angry waters rise;
The morn shall beam
On the ocean stream,
But never meet their eyes.'

"Oh that you could but have heard the hag sing it, as she stood upon a piece of the broken cliff, tossing her withered bony arms to and fro, with her grey hair streaming on the breeze. At the sight of her, my spirits sunk, and my boasted courage was all gone. For my oath's sake, however, I determined to address her; and, putting a bold face on the matter, I stepped up to her, told her my errand, and requested her to tell our fortunes.

"'Fortunes!' screamed the witch, 'God give you fortune! I cannot tell your fortunes!'

"'How now, dame,' said I (carefully omitting the old for fear of offending her) 'every body knows that you deal in such contraband articles, therefore what's the use of denying it? I came here to have my fortune told, and will not depart till I have learnt from you my fate.'

"'You are a merry reckless fellow,' returned the witch; 'and your fate is to be poor, and to work hard all the days of your life. That pretty girl who leans on your arm, and trembles like an aspen leaf, will share your poverty, and fill your house with children.' Neighbour Sampson, would not this alone prove her to be a witch! What she then told me, has it not come to pass?"

"Wonderful! wonderful! Master Joel," again muttered the old tar; who appeared deeply interested in the narrative.

"Well, man," continued old Joel, "I was so overjoyed at the prospect of having Hetty, that all my fears vanished; and I accepted the hag's invitation to step into her hut, and taste her beer. The girls screamed, and pulled me back; but all in vain. Had Old Nick himself stood in the door-way, in the humour I was in I could have braved the devil. The girls dared not leave me, and in a few seconds we were all seated round the woman's fire. You have heard the old saying—'Woe betide him who eats with a witch'—Yet, in spite of every remonstrance, I partook largely of her cheer, and drank copious draughts of the best ale that ever come out of a cask: and this it was that gave her power over me. When my head was warm with liquor, the witch said, in a facetious tone, 'Joel Skelton, you have proved yourself a brave young man; but I will call you a brave man *indeed*, if you dare descend the cliff, and look into my shed.' 'Aye! or into your bed, either,' returned I, as bold as a lion. She made a silent laugh to herself as I left the room, with plenty of pot valour in my head, but my heart none of the lightest. As I approached the shed, which stood at the bottom of the cliff, and was composed of pieces of wreck, and thatched with seaweed, I felt an oppression of breath, and a sensation of fear, such as I had never before experienced; yet, determining not to yield to an old woman, I called pride to my aid, and entered the hovel. The moon was as bright as day, and I could see into the farthest corner of the place, which was entirely empty, all but a heap of old dried nets in a corner. I now laughed at my imaginary terrors, and went singing back, to shew the success of my adventure.—'Well and bravely done, Joel!' said the accursed hag, in a taunting manner; 'but you dare not go a second time?'

"'Nay, what should hinder me?'

returned I; 'neither you nor all the powers of darkness should bar a path where I wished to enter.' 'Bold words,' said the witch, 'and bravely spoken; but experience alone proves what fire can be struck from the flint.'—Her look and manner staggered me; yet I entered the shed a second time, with less fear, and more confidence in my own courage. I looked boldly round it; my eye fell on no other object than the heap of nets in the corner; but I could no longer withdraw them from the spot—the heap appeared to me in motion—I looked again—I heard a loud drumming murmuring sound; and it began slowly to rise."

"Why, Joel," said I, greatly amused by the solemnity of his manner, "it was a cat."

"It was the devil!" returned Skelton, "as the sequel will prove. Did I not see his black head and fiery eyes? And I returned to the hut in a cold sweat. When I entered it, the old hag burst into a wild laugh. 'What thief have you seen in my shed, Joel, that has stolen the colour from your cheeks, loosened your joints in their sockets, and made your hair to rise?'

"'Your master! but not mine!' returned I, motioning the girls to be off.—'Do not be in a hurry,' said the witch, 'to depart. The night is not far advanced; and I will promise you a speedy journey home. Besides a man of your courage will never object a third time to look into my shed?'

"I was now safe out of her cabin; and I shook my fist at her, and told her, I would see her and her shed at the bottom of the sea first. Her fiendish laugh followed us a long way over the heath; and when we turned back to look at her cabin, it appeared all in a blaze of light. This adventure threw a great damp on our spirits; every effort to rally them proved unsuccessful; and I parted with the girls at the first tollgate on the London road, with a very heavy heart.

"I had six miles to return over

the heath. Behind me was a dark line of pine groves, which skirted the high road; and before me an extensive track of land, without a tree or house to diversify the prospect, which was bounded to the right and left; and before me, by the ocean, whose stormy and menacing aspect was clearly revealed by the brightest moonlight I ever beheld. The witch, and my adventure with her, were almost forgotten, in the anguish I felt at parting with my sweetheart for another long year; and I was thinking to myself, if we should ever meet again, when the sound of horse's hoofs rapidly advancing over the frosty ground met my ear. Surprised at a horseman's crossing the heath at that late hour, I turned round to ascertain who it might be; but no language can express my terror, on beholding a jet black steed, with a flowing mane, and tail of fire streaming in the blast, advancing at that furious pace towards me. The earth trembled beneath his hoofs, and his course was marked by a blue track of light from the pine forest. Oh, how I wished, in that extremity of fear, that the ground beneath my feet would yawn and cover me—that I could hide myself in the bowels of the earth! There was no time for reflection—my memory had forsaken me. The name of God trembled on my lips, but had not the power to give it utterance. The appalling steed came thundering towards me—flames encompassed me—and I was caught up as by a whirlwind on to his back. My senses reeled—the eath—the ocean—and the pine forest—whirled in perpetual mazes round me. I called aloud for help—I tried to disengage myself, as the sleeper does who struggles with the nightmare, but a supernatural power chained me to my seat. My brain seemed on fire, and my mind was wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, when the cold moonbeams glanced down on the shallow ford, which divides the ancient city of D—from the parish of W—. This little rivu-

let had been swollen by the autumnal rains into a broad stream, and now presented a glittering sheet of ice to the eye. To this spot the spectre steed urged his frantic course. The ice shivered to splinters beneath his hoofs, and I was dashed with violence into the water. With the greatest difficulty I succeeded in extricating myself from the floating masses of ice, and once more found myself safe on *terra firma*. But the horse was gone! Shivering with cold and terror, I cast my eyes round the heath—but no sight was visible, no sound met my ears, but the angry voice of the troubled ocean. I remember nothing more. My senses failed me; and, when the morning dawned, my nightly fears were renewed by finding myself awakened on the identical heap of old nets in the corner of of Rachel Lagon's shed. On returning to the Jolly Fisherman, I found the girls, and my uncle, wondering what had become of me. I related the adventures of the night, and how I had accompanied them to the toll-gate, and returned on that horse of the devil's own training over the moor. But verily I believe old Rachel had possessed them! They swore that they left me with the witch; and, being fearful of prosecuting their journey alone, they returned to the Jolly Fisherman without me."

"Could you not account, Joel," said I, "for the adventures of the night, without the help of magic?"

"What other power," replied the old man, rising and wiping his brow, "could effect it? As I stand here a living man, these things really happened to me."

"In sleep," continued I; "you left old Rachel's hut in a state of intoxication; overpowered by liquor, you sank down in the shed, and imagination did the rest. Your adventures my good friend, were nothing more nor less than the night mare. Therefore cease, I beseech you, to attribute to a poor, insane, deluded old woman the powers of *witchcraft*."

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE TRAVELLER'S ORACLE.

"Baked be ye pies to coals! Burn, roast meat burn!
Boil o'er, ye pots: ye spits forget to turn!
Cinderella's death!" &c. M. Lewis.

THE late author of "The Traveller's Oracle" was our valued friend. When he lived, his claret and his conversation oftentimes contributed to our happiness;—his pen, on more than one occasion, to our Miscellany. But he is dead; and his jokes and his cutlets—and both were *à la minute*—shall delight us no more. It is thus, as we advance in life, that our intimates drop—as an over-roasted fowl may drop from the spit—off beside us; but cannot—like the fresh fowl that succeeds that over roasted fowl upon the spit—be replaced! A void is in our heart as well as in our stomach—since the author of the work before us died; and, regularly as we miss the once regularly recurring invitation for "Five minutes before five on Wednesday"—we sigh, and say—to the looking-glass and the card-racks—"Where is our friend?" he had the pleasantest humour—he whom we loved—at squeezing a lemon; the most mathematical candour in dividing the sins of a turbot! The most dexterous master of legerdemain could not have outdone him in snuffing a candle; and we never recollect to have seen him angry but once in our lives—and that was when a monster, at a tavern-dinner, cut a haunch of venison the wrong way! But he is gone! Dead! *Mort!* as the French say—which, as George Colman observes, means "no more!" He who was never late in all his life, is now "the late" Dr. Kitchiner! It may be asked—with these feelings present to our minds—"whether it is possible for us fairly to review our late friend's book?"—"Most possible!" is our answer. Criticism—as he himself said, over and over again, at his own table—"Criticism, Sir, is not a pastime: it is a verdict on oath: the man who does it is (morally) sworn to perform his duty! There is but one character on earth, Sir," he would add, "that I detest; and that is the man who praises, indiscriminately, every dish that is set before him. Once I find a fellow do that at my table, and, if he were my brother, I never ask him to

dinner again!" Therefore it is with the confidence that his very ghost—(we see it now—shrouded in a damask table-cloth!)—will rejoice in our impartiality, that we sit down to comment upon the posthumous counsels of our whilom associate; counsels which his modesty has designated only as "Maxims for Locomotion," but which, in truth, are pandects for man's guidance almost in every emergency to which nature can be subject. Fortunately, as the chance falls with us, in the midst of his eccentricity, the good sense of the doctor has left us sufficient to laud: while very little, indeed, presents itself which we can differ from, and nothing at all to discommend.

In discussing a book dedicated to the use of travellers, it may well be expected that our first notice will touch some point connected with a journey; and, in fact, Dr. Kitchiner sets out in his work—beginning, as an instructor should do, *ab initio*—with a list of the *matériel*, or "necessaries," with which the voyager, by land or sea, should be provided. We shall ourselves, however, pass over this list, not because it is not excellent, but because it will be obvious that its utility or inapplicability must depend almost entirely upon the means and circumstances of the party who is to proceed with it; and begin our notice with some portion of those directions which will be available to all classes;—as, for example, the argument instructing us—"How to eat and drink upon a journey:"—

"People are apt to imagine, that they may indulge a little more in high Living when on a Journey:—Travelling itself acts as a stimulus; therefore, less Nourishment is required than in a state of Rest: what you might not consider Intemperance at home, may occasion violent Irritation, fatal Inflammations, &c. in situations where you are least able to obtain Medical Assistance.

"During a Journey, endeavour to have your Meals at the hours you have been accustomed,—a change in the *Time* of taking Food, is as likely to affront your Stomach, as a change in the *Quality* or the *Quantity* of what is taken.

"Inkeepers generally ask their Guests, 'what they would please to have for Dinner?' The best Answer you can make to this, is the Question, 'What have you got in yourarder?' to which, beg leave to pay a visit.

"Be cautious how you order *Sea Fish* in an Inland town; and there is a silly custom prevails of keeping Fresh water Fish, such as Carp, Pels and other Fresh water Fish, in Tubs and Cisterns, till they are very unfit for the Mouth."

"Choose such Foods as you have found that your Stomach can digest easily—Nutritive, but not of a Heating nature, and so plainly dressed, that they cannot be adulterated: the *Safest Foods* are Eggs, plain boiled or roasted Meat, and Fruit;—touch not any of those Queer Compounds commonly cyleped *Rogouts, Made Dishes, Puddings, Pies, &c.*

"Above all, be on your guard against *Soup and Wine*.—Instead of Wine, it will often be better to drink water, with the addition of one-eighth part of Brandy, which Travellers may carry with them.—"The Oracle" declares, that if "a Man is not a very fastidious Epi-

cure, he need never fear Hunger or Langour, when he can get good Bread and Water—i. e. provided he carry with him a Brunswick Sauce and a Bottle of Brandy."

"Never give any Order for Wine to Waiters, —go to the Master or Mistress of the Inn, and request them to oblige you with the best Wine, &c. that they have; and beg of them to recommend whether it shall be Sherry, Madeira, &c.—telling them that you are perfunctory about the *Name* and the *Age* of the Wine, and particular only about the *Quality* of it.

"There are many particulars as to Meat, Drink, Exercise, Sleep, Cold, Heat, &c. which people soon find out from their own Observations, which they will generally find their best Guide. There is perhaps no article of our usual Diet, however insignificant, or however important, which has not been at one time highly extolled, and at another extremely abused, by those who have published *Books on Diet*, who, wedded to their own whimsies, and estimating the Strength of other Men's Stomachs by the Weakness of their Own, have, as the fit took 'em, attributed "all the Evils flesh is heir to," to eating either too much or too little—Salt,—Sugar,—Spice,—Bread,—Butter,—Pastry,—Poultry,—Pork,—Veal,—Beef,—Lamb, and indeed all Meats, excepting Mutton, have been alternately prescribed and proscribed. A prudent Traveller will cautiously abstain from every thing that his own Experience has taught him is apt to produce Indigestion."

"The whole matter delivered here is orthodox; especially the advice as to considering "what you are likely to *get*," when you arrive at a strange inn, rather than "what you would like to *have*." There can be no doubt that the best order—whenever you do not feel quite confident of your ground—is—(delivered to the master of the house in person)—"Send me up what you can *recommend*." No man can be expected to acknowledge that any thing that he has to sell is *bad*; but he may be disposed to treat you fairly if you relieve him from the dilemma of such a confession; which you do—and compliment him into the bargain—by desiring that he will send you up what he pleases. For wine—at an inn of respectability—you must call for it; but recollect that *there* the obligation ceases. "Live, and let live," should be every liberal man's motto: therefore, according to the *dictum* of a writer of great experience in these matters. "Let your hosts live by ordering the liquor, and live yourself by forbearing to drink it."—N. B. If you are economically disposed, you may as well, on such an occasion, order the *cheaper* description of wine; as the name will make no difference in the bin that it comes from, and it makes some difference in the bill. If you are a wine *drinker*, and must perforce—no matter at what hazards—swallow something for your comfort,—recollect that port wine may be rendered drinkable by *mulling*, which, in its raw state, would have been impracticable altogether.

The next chapter is—"Of a Traveller's Appearance;" and the author sets out with the following sentence:—

"Wear a plain dress;—upon no account dis-

play any Ring, Watch, Trinkets, &c. nor assume any Airs of Consequence."

Here we don't quite agree with our excellent friend. He does not mean, by this caution, as to assumption of "consequence"—"Don't make an ass of yourself;" or, "give yourself the airs of a lord, or a swindler;" but—"Be retiring, and quiet generally in your demands and your deportment." Now we are not quite sure that, in a strange vicinity, this policy—though excellent where a man is *resident*—may not be carried too far. He who makes himself of no importance, will be apt sometimes to be made of no importance by other people. We should say—"Exact calmly, but most rigidly, every respect and attention which is your due: he who passes over a *mistake* to-day will infallibly have to make some arrangement or other with a *negligence* to-morrow." That which immediately follows this passage, however, is worthy of the strictest attention:—

"Be Liberal.—The advantages of a reputation for generosity which a person easily acquires, and the many petty annoyances he entirely avoids, by the annual disbursement of five pounds worth of shillings and half crowns, will produce him five times as much satisfaction as he can obtain by spending that sum in any other way—it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all—he who gives *two shillings* is called Mean, while he who gives *half a crown* is considered Generous; so that the difference of these two opposite characters depends upon *sixpence*."

"He shall not be accused of Prodigality, in whose accounts not a more extravagant charge appears than such a sum set down annually for 'Good Humour.'"

"Those who Travel for Pleasure must not disquiet their minds with the cares of too great Economy, or, instead of the Pleasure, they will find nothing but Vexation. To Travel agreeably, one must spend freely: 'tis the way to be respected by every Body, and to gain Admittance Every where. Since 'tis but once in your Life that you undertake such a Thing, 'tis not worth while to be anxious about saving a few Pounds."

Where you are to sleep on the road—

"The Earlier you arrive, and the Earlier after your arrival you apply, the better the chance you have of getting a Good Bed: this done, order your *Luggage* to your Room:—A Travelling Bag, or a *Sac de nuit*," in addition to your Trunk, is very necessary—it should be large enough to contain one or two changes of Linen—a Night Shirt—Shaving apparatus—comb, clothes, tooth, and hair brushes. If you travel by Diligence, some of which stop during the Night, the Travelling Bag is a great luxury, as it is not always convenient to be continually unpacking a Portmanteau. Take care to see your Sheets are well aired, and that you can fasten your Room at Night:—in the morning, when you are to set off again, see your Luggage stowed safely as before."

"In Lonesome places, where an accident may oblige you to rest, if you carry Fire Arms, it may be well to let the Landlord see (as it were accidentally) that you are well armed."

'*Mr. La Combe*, in his *Picture of London*, advises those who do not wish to be robbed, to carry a Brace of Blunderbusses, and to put the muzzle of one out of each Window, so as to be seen by the Robbers!!!'

"However well made your Pistols, however carefully you have chosen your Flint, and however dry your Powder, look to their Priming and touch-hole every Night:—if you have reason to think that they may be required for actual service, fire them off, clean them out, and reload them; but never use these deathful Instruments merely to save a little Money, and no prudent Traveller will carry much:—if your Pistol takes effect you may preserve your property, but it is a melancholy price you pay for it, if it costs the Life of a fellow creature; and if it misses fire, you will most likely not only be Robbed, but Murdered!"

It will be advisable also for the traveller, "as well as the priming," to examine, from time to time, the "loading" of his pistols, and make sure that it is safe. A friend of our's, riding alone on the frontiers of Spain, was stopped, in open day once, by three robbers; at one of whom he fired in a manner to *bruler le ceruelle*, according to the French idiom—the pistol being within three feet of the enemy's head. To his great surprise, the man stood unhurt! And—the fleetness of his horse extricating him (with a bullet through the cape of his cloak) from the scape—during a two hours' ride to his quarters, he came to the conclusion—for to miss his aim at such a distance appeared impossible—that his servant must have put powder into his pistols only in loading them, and been privy to the attack. On reaching home, however, fortunately the suspected domestic was absent; and our friend proceeded to put up and attend to his horse himself; when, as he took off the saddle, and turned it up on the ground (crutches not being, in that part of the world, invented), the ball that had missed the head of the robber fell out of the holster—^{right!}

"Never stir without *Paper, Pen and Ink*, and a Note Book in your Pocket—Notes made with Pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of Travelling.

"Commit to Paper whatever you See, Hear, or Read, that is remarkable, with your sensations on observing it:—do this upon the Spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes; at all events, do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity."

This is a very admirable rule; and, by attending to it, a traveller may bring home a tour with him—or, what amounts to the same thing, the heads of chapters which should fill it—without ever feeling the trouble of composition as he goes along. Short notes are sufficient; and, indeed, perhaps the best; because, if you lose your pocket-book, the contents are then (according to the formula of advertisement in such cases) "of no use to any but the owner." We recollect seeing a chapter of twenty pages upon the town of Chelmsford once written, in the course of a "tour," by a traveller; for which the only words taken in his note-book had been—"Pleas"—"a cheating landlady"—and "a large church!"

Beis —

"As Travellers never can be sure that those who have slept in the Beds before them, were not afflicted with some contagious disease, whenever they can, they should carry their own sheets with them."

The same caution is said to be necessary with respect to shaving-tackle; as the doctor assures us—and "doctors" should know—that "a man might get his death by being cut with a razor which had shaved a diseased person!"

"The safety of your Bed Room Door should always be carefully examined; and in case of Bolts not being at hand, it will be useful to hinder entrance into the Room, by putting a Table and Chair upon it against the Door; such precautions are, however, less necessary in England than they are on the Continent, where it is advisable to choose a Room with Two Beds, and to let your Servant sleep in the Room, and to burn a light all Night:—when you enter the room to go to rest, take a peep behind and under the Beds, Closets, &c. and all places where concealment is possible.

"I read the above to an old Traveller, who told me, that when travelling in Italy, about thirty-five years ago, he always adopted this plan; and that on one occasion, at a poor solitary Inn, he could not obtain a double Bedded Room, and was told that his attendant must sleep in another part of the House—observing that there was no fastening to the Bed Room Door, and apprehending some bad intention, he placed a Bureau against it, and thereon set a Basin and Ewer, in such a position as to easily rattle, so that on being shook they instantly became '*molto agitate*,' and seemed to say, '*Don't ye—Don't ye—Fit tell if you do.*'"

In proceeding from town to town, we are cautioned that—

"Trunks, &c. should not be fastened behind Carriages, unless with Chains; except Servants ride behind and attend to them."

Perhaps it would be an improvement to this suggestion, in the last case, if the servants were to be chained too.

In the chapter upon "General Travelling," the author differs entirely from Shenstone, Johnson, and various other authorities, who have pronounced "a tavern chair to be the throne of earthly felicity." The "welcome" at an inn none can dispute; but as to the felicity, we are disposed to be of the same opinion with our friend. "Felicity" is a word necessarily of comparison or reference; and we suspect that those persons who are violently delighted with inns will commonly be found to be in that station of life which admits of but little luxury—and perhaps not of very perfect convenience—in their own dwellings. There are not ten inns throughout England in which a man of moderate fortune will find himself served as he may be in his own house. In fact, it can hardly be otherwise. Some people are accustomed to complain of tavern charges; but the cost of doing things really well (where a trader looks to realize a competent interest upon his capital) would be enormous. Say that a man who kept a fine inn was entitled to gain twenty per cent. on his capital,—and thirty is not at all too much, looking to his risk,—what price ought wine

(for age and improvement) in his collar?

"Never ask another person the motive of his travelling, the time he intends to continue in a place, &c.

"When you go out of an Inn, ride slow for half a Mile, and then you will perceive if any one passes you; and if he eyes you too much, be assured he's not right; then either go back or stay for less suspected Company; but it is your business to be cautious of them too. Ride at some little Distance, if a single Man forces himself into your company, notwithstanding the above-mentioned Cautions, tell him you heard of a Hue and Cry after a Highwayman in the last Town you came through; observe his Countenance."

"This chastisement to gossips may be beneficially considered by other persons besides travellers. There is not so offensive a rogue on earth as he who cannot be alone; and, even when he jumps out of bed in a morning, runs into his neighbour's room before he can put on his breeches. The only chance is to affront such people at once—and have it over; a course painful to the benevolent mind, but necessary.

The several chapters of the work dedicated to the management of horses and carriages, do great credit to the sagacity and knowledge of the author, both as regards the rules which he lays down for the purchase and pecuniary arrangement, and those which concern the guidance and bodily management of such properties. The suggestions addressed to the keepers of horses, touching "large stalls,"—"easy fitting harness" (this should especially be attended to in those parts of the furniture connected with the head), and the necessity for keeping the padding of saddles dry upon a journey; and the stable always clear from every kind of litter and impurity, are worthy of a veterinary surgeon of dragoons. Stables at new inns in the country will almost always be found built with stalls so wretchedly narrow, that a horse accustomed to better residence refuses to lie down in them. There is always a serious danger, too, that your horse may injure himself—perhaps irreparably—in having "his head brought round," as the groom calls it, in such miserable cribs. For carriage keeping—as well for the horses as the vehicle—our author patronizes "jobbing." Men, however, who can afford to be particular about their cattle, and are fond of personally attending to such details, will reject this system. A man who is disposed to treat his horse kindly, too, generally likes him to be *his own*. The doctor, however, shall speak for himself upon the subject; for he does speak on it at much length, and "scholarly and wisely."

"It is a very frequent, and a very just complaint, that the *expense of a Carriage* is not so much its *First Cost*, as the charge of *Keeping it in Repair*. Many are deterred from indulging themselves therewith, from a consciousness that they are so utterly unacquainted with the management thereof, they are apprehensive of the uncertainty of the Expense, and the trouble of attending it, will produce Anxiety, which will more than counterbalance the comfort to be derived from it.

"Few machines vary more in quality than Carriages, the charge for them varies as much;—the best advice that can be offered to the Reader is, to "Deal with a Tradesman of Fair Character, and established circumstances.—Such a person has every inducement to charge reasonably, and has too much at stake, to forfeit, by any silly Imposition, the Credit that he has been years in establishing by careful integrity.

"Of Chariots, that appear to be equally handsome to a common Eye, which has not been taught to look minutely into the several parts of their machinery;—One may be *cheap* at £250, and another may be *dear* at £200: notwithstanding, the Vender of the latter may get more Profit than the Builder of the former.

"The *faculty of Counting*, too frequently, masters all the other Faculties, and is the grand source of deception which Speculating Shopkeepers are ever ready to take advantage of; for catching the majority of Customers, *Cheapness* is the surest bait in the world,—how many more people can count the difference between 20 and 25, than can judge of the *Quality* of the article they are about to buy?

"Be not so perfunctory as to permit your Coachman to order what he pleases. If you send a Carriage to be repaired, with the usual Message, 'To do any little jobs that are wanted,' you will most likely not have a little to pay.

"When any Repair is required, desire your Coachman to tell you; examine it with your own Eyes, and with your own hand write the order to the Coachmaker, &c. for every thing that is wanted; and warn him you will not pay for any Jobs, &c. not so ordered, and desire him to keep such orders, and return them to you when he brings his Bill, that you may see it tallies therewith, and you may keep a little Book yourself, into which you may copy such Orders.

"Persons who order Carriages, are frequently disappointed in the convenience and appearance of them, from not giving Directions in terms sufficiently explicit;—when those who buy Carriages make any such a mistake, it is said, that those who sell are not always remarkably anxious to rectify it, unless at the expense of the proprietor.

"An acquaintance of the Editor's, ordered that the interior of a New Chariot should be arranged exactly like his former Carriage:—when it was finished, he found that there were several very disorderly deviations from the old plan, which were extremely disagreeable to him:—the Builder said, civilly enough, that he was exceeding sorry, and would soon set it all to rights—which he did; but presented a Bill of Ten pounds for mending these mistakes, which having arisen entirely from his own Inattention to the fitting up of the Old Carriage, his Customer successfully resisted the payment of, having been prudent enough to have the Agreement for building the Carriage, worded, 'That it should be finished in *all respects* to his *entire satisfaction*, by a *certain Time*, for a *certain Sum*.'"

Tables follow, given at considerable length, of the cost at which all descriptions of car-

riages can be built and maintained (or jobbed); with calculations as to the expense of keeping horses; their wear and tear, with wages of servants, &c. &c.,—well suited to show a man who has made a stroke in the stocks how he should go about to commence gentleman; and all done with an evident personal knowledge of the matter on which the writer treats.

Of the purchase of horses, as well as carriages, the author speaks like a man who has kept them:—

"I would not recommend a Carriage Horse to be less than Seven years old, especially if to be driven in *Crowded Streets*:—Horses that have not been taught how to behave in such situations, are extremely awkward and unmanageable, and often occasion Accidents.

"If you keep Horses for useful purposes, you must not be too nice about either their Colour, or the Condition of their Coats.

"The Ordinary Town Carriage Work can be done just as well by a Pair of Horses, which may be had for £70 or £80, as with those that cost three times that sum; indeed it will most likely be done better. If you have Horses worth an hundred pounds a piece, you will be afraid of using them when you most want them, *i.e.* in Cold and Wet Weather, for fear of their catching Cold and breaking their Coats, &c. Moreover, the *Elegance of an Equipage*, in the Eyes of most people, depends more upon the Carriage, Harness, and Liveries, than upon the Horses:—all can judge of the former, but few of the latter; and, provided they are the same Size and of the same colour, the Million will be satisfied."

As times go, they must be small horses, and not very strong ones, which can be bought for £50 a pair; but horses at £120 will be good enough for ordinary purposes. In a large establishment, however, it is often economy to keep perhaps a greater number of horses than are absolutely wanted; so that you can have a certain number for show occasions, and a number also for rough duties.

"Horses in Pairs are sometimes worth double what they are singly—and Horse-dealers do not like to buy any but of the most common Colours, *i.e.* Bays and Browns; because of the ease in matching them. Horses of extraordinary Colours may be purchased at a proportionably cheap rate, unless they are in Pairs, and happen to be an extraordinary good match, when they will sometimes bring an extravagant price.

"An Ancient Equestrian gives the following advice:—

"If you have occasion to match your Horse, do not let the Dealer know you are seeking for a Match Horse, or he will demand a higher price; nor do not send your servant to select for you."

"If you will be contented with the useful Qualities of your Horses, *i.e.* their Strength and Speed, and are not too nice about their matching in Colour, you may be provided with capital horses, at half the cost of those who are particular about their Colour; and moreover, you may easily choose such as will do double the service."

On this subject of colour, it may be recommended to those who want horses for hard

work, and in uncertain weather, always to choose greys. Grey horses—especially the dark grey—if their figures are bold, and their condition good, look excellently well, although their coats are not glossy. Brown, and still more especially black, look shabby, unless they are very fine indeed. There are no journey-horses—for appearance—equal to greys; and don't have them trimmed too close about the heels: they look none the better for it, and work the worse.

"To Job Horses, is particularly recommended to persons who are ambitious of having an elegant equipage;—a pair of fine Horses that match exactly are always expensive to purchase; and if one of them dies, it is sometimes to a private gentleman, extremely difficult to find a fellow to it.

"Horses cannot work equally, nor at ease to themselves, if they are not nearly of the same Size, of the same Temper, and have the same Strength, and have the same Pace, and Step well together.

"A Hackneyman or Horsesdealer, who is in an extensive way of business, has so many opportunities of seeing Horses, that he can match a Horse with much less Expense, and more exactly, than any Gentleman or any Groom may hope to do: therefore, those who are particular about the match of their Horses, will find it not merely more expensive, but much more troublesome, to Buy than it is to Job.

"Job Masters, in general, Sell, as well as Let Horses;—therefore, stipulate in your Agreement, that you shall be supplied with various Horses till you are suited to your satisfaction; and then, that neither of them shall be changed without your consent:—for this, a Hackneyman may demand, and deserves, a little larger price; but it is Money paid for the purchase of Comfort,—is the only way to be well served, and prevents all disputes. If you do not make such an Agreement, and your Hackneyman happens to be offered a good price for one of your Horses, he may take it; and Your's, like many other Carriages in London, will be little better than a Break:—nothing is more disagreeable, nay, dangerous, than to be continually drawn by strange Horses."

"There is no much better method of buying carriage or gig horses than to have them on a job for a time first. It may cost a little more money; but it is a cheap expense in the end: you lose more by having to resell one horse, after having bought him, than it would cost you, by jobbing, to try half a dozen. The ordinary horse-dealers' "trial"—a trial of a few hours, or even of a day—is worth nothing: you can neither judge of the temper of a horse, of his bottom, nor—of what is of still more consequence—his feeding and his health. It is no pleasant thing to have paid a hundred guineas for a horse who behaved excellently well on trial in Hyde Park, and, the first time that you drive him forty miles on end, see him smell to his corn, and turn away from it at the end of the journey.

"The Chapter upon the Construction of a Carriage, with the dangers of trying such appliances second-hand, ought to be read by every man who keeps even a buggy; but its length

compels us to refer our readers for it entirely to the volume. The travellers in stage coaches, however, as well as those who use their own vehicles, are held worthy of our author's care; and rules are given, with great care and consideration, for their guidance.

"Securo a Place a Day or two before you set off; in which case, if you are at the Inn at the Time appointed, and the Coachman is gone before, you may take a Post Chaise and go after him, and the Proprietors must pay the Expense of your Ride.

"It is necessary to be at the place in due Time; for, as the saying is, 'Time and Tide,' and it may be added, 'Stage Coaches, stay for no man.'—As Clocks vary, you will do wisely to be there full Five minutes before what you believe to be true Time.

"If the Coach sets off very early, order the Watchman to call at your house half an hour before you wish to have your breakfast:—if you wish to ride to the Inn the evening before, give the Waterman at the Coach Stand next your House a Shilling for his trouble, and desire him to provide you a Hackney Coach, which order to come half an hour before the time you wish to start, that in case of a Coach not coming, you may have time to walk there.

"On your arrival at the Coach Office, give your Trunks, &c. in charge to the Coachman, and see them placed safely where they may not be rubbed, &c.—In long Journeys, the horses are not only changed, but the Coach also, when the wary traveller will see his Luggage taken out of the one, and safely stowed in the other Coach.

"Persons have their choice of Places in the order that they get into the Coach first, a Place so taken remaining with the Possessor the whole of the Journey.

"People are generally anxious to secure Front Places, either because they cannot ride backwards; but if they travel at Night, the Wind and Rain, while sitting in front, will beat into their faces, the only remedy for which is to draw up the Glasses (a privilege vested by travelling etiquette in the occupiers of those places), and thus must they sit the remainder of the Night in an Atmosphere too impure for any Gentleman who has not previously served an apprenticeship in the exhausted receiver of an Air Pump.

"When persons travel in a Stage Coach, Time is often idly wasted: and just when the Passengers are set down to enjoy a comfortable repast, Notice is given that the Coach is going to start. To prevent this evil, previously inquire of the Guard or Coachman how Long the Coach is allowed to stop, and regulate matters accordingly.

"If the Driver of a Stage Coach quit his Horses or the Box until a proper person can be procured to hold them, or permit any other person, without Consent of the Proprietor, or against the consent of the Passengers, to Drive the same, he is subject to a penalty of not less than 10s. nor more than £3.

"By stat. 50 Geo. III. c. 48. § 12, in case the driver or guard of any such Coach or other Carriage shall use abusive or insulting language to any passengers, or shall insist on or exact more than the sum to which he is legally

entitled, then and in every such case the driver or guard (as the case may be) so offending, and being convicted thereof by his own confession, or the oath or oaths of one or more credible witness or witnesses, before any justice, &c. shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than 5s. nor more than 40s. for every such offence."

It would not be at all a bad plan, it strikes us, for a man to have these penal acts copied out (the doctor gives a great many more of them in other parts of the work,) and so carry them about with him, to be shown always to guards and coachmen at the commencement of every journey.

The arts of hiring and managing servants are treated of with the author's usual particularity and good sense; as well as the advantage of having your stables attached to your house; so that you can, at all times, enter them when you are least expected. It will be very well, too, we may add, to make use—habitually—of this power. Servants, in many cases, do not like it: no matter; there are abundance abroad:—get those who do. Never permit yourself to be regarded as an intruder in any part of your own domains; and accustom your domestics to pursue their avocations under your eye: those who don't like this are not such as you need be much distressed at losing.

In the circumstance of livery our author's taste is grave:—

"Costly thy Habit as thy Purse
Can buy, but not expressed in fancy,
Rich not gaudy: for the Apparel oft proclaims
The Man." *Shakspeare.*

"We recommend a Blue, Brown, Drab, or Green Livery, the whole of the same Colour. To have a Coat of one colour, and lined with another, a Waistcoat of another, and the other Clothes of another Colour, claims the Poet's censure—it is "Gaudy" unless for a full Dress Livery on a Gala Day."

We are not quite sure about this; a good share of the "outward and visible sign" of servitude rather tends perhaps sometimes to keep the bearer in proper remembrance of his condition. We have known very judicious persons who have thought that a footman should always look as much like a jack-pudding as possible. If you are a humorist, there is a comicality in giving a man a livery that does not fit him.

In many passages, servants are schooled and instructed as to their duties. Not in the usual ironical and contradictory style—as, "always to lean as light as possible when they rub a table, and as hard when they clean a window"—"never to wake in the morning without being called: if their masters cannot wake, how should they?" &c. &c.—but always with a due effect of gravity and good sense. As for example—touching the shutting of a coach door:—

"Never permit officious Strangers to shut your Carriage Door; in order to save their own time and trouble, and to accomplish this at once, some idle and ignorant people will bang it so furiously, one almost fancies that they are trying to upset the Carriage, the pannels of which are frequently injured by such rude vio-

lence; therefore, desire your Coachman to be on the watch, and the moment he sees any one prepare to touch your Door, to say loudly and imperatively '*Don't meddle with the Door!*'"

A well-trained coach-dog, by the way, might be taught to seize any person whom he saw meditating such an act as this.

Page 82, the author notices a peculiar grievance to which those who have equipages are subject, and shows the means of remedying it:—

"Do not permit Strangers to place themselves behind your Carriage at any time, or under any pretence whatever. There are innumerable instances of Carriages having been disabled from proceeding, and Travellers robbed and finished, by allowing such accommodation. The Collectors of Check Braces, and Footmen's Holders, assume all kind of Characters, and are so expert, that they will take these articles off in half the time that your Coachman can put them on; and will rob you of what you cannot replace for a Pound, though they cannot sell them for a Shilling.

"Therefore, Spikes are indispensable when you have not a footman; otherwise, you will be perpetually loaded with idle people, *i. e.* unless you think that two or three outside passengers are ornamental or convenient, or you like to have your Carriage continually surrounded by Crowds of Children, incessantly screaming, '*Cut! Cut behind!*'"

An excellent mode to abate this nuisance, when you go to a race, a fight, or other place of public diversion, is to have your hind standards fresh painted about ten minutes before you set out. If it be a hackney coach, use coal-tar.

To intruders, however, upon his peace, of whatever character, the doctor shows no mercy; and, in particular, chastises that most indefensible custom of carpenters, masons, and others getting up to work at six o'clock in the morning. One of the most beneficial acts of the legislature, he affirms, would be to abolish by law, that—

"*Vulgar and Barbarous Custom* which prevails among common Workmen, when they first come to work in the Morning, to make as much Noise as they possibly can; thus, if you live near any manufactory, &c., or if a house is building or repairing near you—from Six in the Morning till half-past, they will raise such a horrible din of hammering, &c., that all within Ear shot of them are presently awake; and indeed they seem to do it for that sole purpose; for the following hours they are often quiet enough."

It appears, too, that there is a double villany perpetrated in this practice:—

"Those who are so outrageously active so early in the day are technically termed *Powtlers*, *i. e.* such extraordinary industry being very often a mere manœuvre to deceive their Neighbours, which they artfully affect to gain Credit, and which, like setting up a shewy Shop front, is one of the usual tokens of approaching Bankruptcy."

The animals who are given to early rising come, as well as their masters, within the scope of our author's malediction:—

"Fowls, Parrots, Dogs, or any other of those

Beasts or Birds, which (because they make most noise) are vulgarly called *Dumb Animals*, bleating, barking, bellowing, in the Front Area or back Garden of a House, &c., are an offence against the Public Peace—are an Indictable Nuisance; and on the complaint of a Neighbouring Housekeeper, are as cognizable by Constables, Street Keepers, Watchmen, &c. surely as justly as the Owners of such Animals would be, were they to hoot and bellow there,—for which they would, in the first instance, be taken to a Watch-house, and in the second Indicted and fined or sent to the Tread Mill.

"Q^y. What difference does it make whether the Peace is broken, and Sleep destroyed, by an "*Animal plumis, vel implumis et bipes,*" *i. e.* whether it wears ready-made Clothes or employs a Tailor? Surely it will not be allowed in this Age of Refinement, that the former is entitled to more consideration than the latter.

"They manage these things better in France. All Dogs, Fowls, &c. found in the Streets of Paris, are finished forthwith by the *Gens d'Armes.*"

The above were to have been part of the provisions of a "Sleep Act," of which Dr. Kitchener's premature death has unfortunately deprived us. The principle, however, upon which it was to have proceeded is preserved in the present book—to wit, "That nothing of any value was ever done after eleven o'clock at night!"

The treatise on "Lending your Carriage," is obviously from the pen of a man hackneyed in the ways of the world:—

"As soon as you set up a Carriage, lots of Idle and Impertinent People, and all the various branches of '*the Skin-Flints,*' and '*the Save-Alls,*' are up early on the alert, setting all kinds of Traps to ride at your cost.

"Caution those Friends to whom you may give such accommodation, not to mention it: if they trot about, telling every one that they and you know, that '*Mr. Benefolus* was so good as to lend us his Carriage, and we had such a nice ride all round here and there, and, &c.'

"If any of the numerous members of the '*Free and Easy,*' or '*the Save-All*' families, who happen to have the slightest acquaintance with you, hear that you have given this accommodation to some very old and excellent Friend, who may have honestly earned every attention that you can possibly offer:—I should not wonder, if they were to Whisper to one another, '*Oh, oh! is it so?—well,—I have really a vast respect for Mr. B.—hav'nt you?* And if he is so exceedingly fond of Lending his Leathern convenience, don't you think that we ought to do him the favour to Borrow it?—it will be so exceedingly convenient when we go to our Uncle *Makefasts*—for we can't hire a Glass Coach to take us Ten miles and back under *Thirty Shillings*, you know!"

"If you have any regard for *Punctuality*, take care who you carry with you, especially when going out to dinner!"

"If you undertake to carry people to one place, some unreasonable selfish beings are, not seldom, so pleased at an opportunity of

showing off '*en carrosse*,' that they will plague you with perpetual solicitations to stop at almost every Door they pass;—Aye, and act as if they fancied that they were jumping in '*an Errand Cart*.' Tell such Free and Easy folks very plainly, that *you must be at a certain Place, at a certain Time*, and have not a moment to spare.

"If you have any Mercy for your Horses, lend them not to others, unless you limit the *Time* they are to be out, and the *Distance and Pace* they are to go; say not exceeding ten Miles."

On the whole, our readers, we think, will find it safer never to lend at all.

As you do not lend your carriage yourself, it is not worth while to allow your coachman to lend it for you. And there are a set of impudent people about town who would hire a gentleman's carriage at night in the street—if they met with it—as soon as a hackney-coach. If ever you detect a *gentleman* in such a situation as this, it will become your duty to give him in charge to a watchman immediately. It will also be no moral sin if you make his head (for a limited time) the pillow of your cudgel. For your coachman, send him about his business next morning; and—whenever you find it necessary to discharge a servant—let the one who succeeds him know the crime for which he suffered.

"Desire your Coachman never to dispute with, or return any uncivil language to any Coachman, Carman, &c.: if your Carriage is obstructed or offended by any disorderly persons, take out your Pocket Book, and let them see you are setting down their Number, and then coolly tell them you will summon them if they do not immediately clear the way.

"By the 1st Geo. I. c. 57, 'Drivers of Hackney Coaches are to give way to Gentlemen's Carriages, under a penalty of 10s.'"

We pray Heaven this act be not repealed!

Again:—

"If curious Children ask 'Whose Carriage is this?' tell your Coachman to Stare full in their face, and Say Nothing: if they have the Impudence to repeat the Question, he may reply, 'it belongs to Mr. PRY.' If equivocation be ever allowable, it is to such Impertinents."

Or he may call out to the footman—"Tom! has Towzer been fed this morning?"

Tom.—"No."

Coachman.—"Then bring him here, and let him breakfast upon these children!"

The presence of a large dog keeps off intrusion a good deal: and, if he won't bite, have him muzzled, that he may look as if he would.

Moreover, it must be taken care that those do not offend themselves who are to reprehend offence in others:—

"If any of your Coachman's own acquaintance speak to him while he is either driving or waiting for You, he must answer them only by a civil movement of his Head or Whip hand. Nothing is more disrespectful and disorderly than Gossiping while on duty."

We might go on into far greater length—for the whole matter of the book is eccentric and interesting; but our limits warn us to draw to a conclusion. The work before us, we may

repeat, is one which does credit both to the heart and to the head of the writer; for, with abundant perception of that which is economical, and a becoming aversion to being imposed upon, there is nothing like an oppressive or parsimonious spirit displayed in any page of it, from the beginning to the end. On the whole, it is a book which will be generally read, and deserves to be so; no less for the whim and eccentricity with which it is written, than for the knowledge of almost innumerable things in which many men are interested, with which it abounds. As a code for our guidance in the little affairs and details of life, it becomes, perhaps, the fairest and truest index to what was the state of the author's own opinion and feeling upon such subjects. And the result (as regards that point) which we should deduce is—that he possessed penetration enough to detect the little faults which every man must have to allege against his fellow creatures, in this world; with sufficient prudence, as well as *bon-homme*, to induce him to pardon or make the best of them.

From a late English Magazine.

THE TAILOR'S GHOST.

In a certain northern city, which a flattering Frenchman has nick-named "the modern Athens," there dwelt a sober citizen, by trade a baker. Fortune had smiled upon his affairs; and finding that "the world had used him well," he wisely determined to use himself still better. Cincinnatus planted turnips; and the hero of our tale, in humble imitation of so great an example, took a snug farm within an easy walk of the seat of philosophy. Being, however, a prudent as well as a prosperous man, he only rusticated during the day, but returned to "set the sponge," and talk over pies and pastry in the evening. In these morning and evening perambulations he frequently met with a little cripple body, hobbling along in the "dot-and-carry-one" style. A few friendly salutations passed between the pedestrians; and at length Master Brownbread came to understand that Master Thimbles was the tailor of the very village in which his own farm was situated. Having obtained this piece of information, he inquired no further; but, like many other profound speculators, conceived he knew all that was to be known on the subject. It happened that in the same village there resided another tailor, also named Thimbles, and also a cripple; but inasmuch as Dame Nature had been still more parsimonious in the article of legs to Thimbles Secundus, than she was to Thimbles Primus, he (*viz.* Secundus) was forced to content himself with sitting always on "the board" at home, and keeping in good order the patches and politics of his native village. His utility, however, could not extend his days beyond their allotted span: he sickened, died, was buried; and for some days Mr. Brownbread observed, that the village had a melancholy look, more black coats than usual were in requisition, and a certain gravity in every countenance, indicated that the community had sustained a public loss. The worthy baker, actuated by natural sympathy, inquired "who had been taken away from the evil to come," and was answered with a sad shake of the head—"Poor Thimbles, the cripple tailor." On hearing this, he thought with an affectionate remembrance on the kind greetings which had passed between him and the (supposed) defunct.

Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon. The old consolation came to his mind—*mors omnibus communis*. (I won't swear that he thought in Latin, but that's all one.) He became, at last, reconciled to the idea that poor Thimbles had gone to "that bourne whence no traveller returns."

Matters were in this state when the baker, one chill December evening, to bar out the biting frost, had stopped an hour or two longer in the village, and taken an additional cup of the "barley bree." But the best of friends, and more, the best of whiskey, will not make a prudent Scotchman sit too long. Our hero buttoned his coat, shouldered his cudgel, and

"While's holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
"While's croning o'er some auld Scotch sonnet,"

had just reached a bottom in the road, where he could hear the winds whistling above; but all around was calm as the peace that hallows the heart of the righteous. The baker, perhaps, might have moralized; but stump—stump—he heard, or thought he heard, the well-known sound of the tailor's crutches, as plain as if the green turf had not spread its folds over the fragment of his limbs. The baker was no coward—he ran not at the first alarm, but calmly fixing his eye on the horizon, he saw the very ghost of the tailor's dandy hat, alternately raised and depressed, keep time to the fast advancing clatter of his spectre crutches—*un fantôme boiteux* what mere man could withstand? The baker took to his heels, and with a ghastly visage, and hair on end, regained the party he had left, just in time for each guest to carry the painful tale, with all appropriate additions and amendments, to the remotest corners of the parish.

The winter had nearly passed away before any prudent man dared to venture across the "Powburn hallow" under cloud of night; and even the minister's exhortations were never half so efficacious as the fear of "the Cripple Ghaist" was, in making frail folks keep good hours: nor was it till the long warnings of summer, that our friend, the baker, discovered there had been *two* tailors—the one resting quietly in his tomb, the other all flesh and blood (save his timber leg) still hobbling on "life's dreary road."

[The following poem is represented to be the production of a young lady; and if this be true, which we have no reason to doubt, it certainly displays a much more extraordinary degree of philosophical, we might say, metaphysical acumen, than could be expected either from the youth or sex of the writer:]

Oh, be not that dull slave who only looks
On Reason "through the spectacles of books!"
Rather by Truth determine what is true—
And reasoning works, through Reason's medium, view;
For authors can't monopolise her light.
'Tis yours to read, as well as theirs to write.
To judge is yours!—then why submissive call,
"The master said so?"—'tis no rule at all!
Shall passive sufferance e'en to mind belong,
When right divine in man is human wrong?
Shall a high name a low idea enhance,
When all may fail, as some succeed—by chance?
Shall fixed chimeras unfixed reason shock?
And if Locke err, must thousands err with Locke?
Men! claim your charter! 'purn th' unjust controul,
And shake the bondage from the free-born soul!
Go walk the porticos! and teach your youth
All names are bubbles, but the name of Truth!
If fools, by chance, attend to Wisdom's rules,
'Tis no dishonour to be right with fools.
If human faults to Plato's page belong,
Not e'en with Plato willingly go wrong.
But though the judging page declare it well
To love truth better than the lips which tell;
Yet 'twere an error, with injustice classed,
'T'adore the former, and neglect the last.

THE SORCERER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WIEBER.

IN that superstitious age, when a dissolute priesthood held an almost unlimited sway over the inclinations and understandings of men ; when the cowed head was supposed to be the only depository of the secrets of Omniscience ; when the glance of a layman behind the curtain of nature was accounted contraband, and of evil origin ; when science and wisdom conducted their votaries to the torture and the stake ; there lived in Salerno (tranquil and happy, in the cultivation of those pursuits which occasioned the persecution of the "starry Galileo," brought Savonarola to the flames, and consigned Faustus to the devil,) an old man, named Pietro Barliardo. A century, which had risen and flourished under his eye, and which was now fast hastening to decay, had enriched him with experience and the materials of wisdom.

Aware of the nobler uses of science, he applied his attainments to no purposes of idle parade. To rival the clergy in the arts, which it appropriated exclusively to itself, and on which it had set its landmarks ; to boast that he had traced nature in her most secret evolutions,

and was a confidant of her most clandestine transactions, formed no part of his plan : he professed but to inculcate civil and classical erudition among the youth of his time, and this the monks did not consider an encroachment on their patent ; but, while they were left the uncontested dispensers of divine truth, they allowed him to be resorted to as an oracle of profane and pagan literature.

Secret as the councils of conspirators were the researches of Barliardo into the mysteries of magic ; for not content with a knowledge of the arts which govern men, he wished to push his conquests into other regions, and to bend superior beings to his will. So guarded, however, were all his measures, that lynx-eyed suspicion was foiled, and vigilance in vain lay in wait to ensnare him ; although his green old age, vigorous and unimpaired at ninety-five was well calculated to excite invidious observation ; for unless Lucifer were his physician, and had been fed with the reversion of Pietro's soul, it seemed impossible that at an age when his vital powers ought to have been exhausted, and the honours of

his head withered and decayed, the old man could retain so much of the freshness of his youth. So argued the monks, and such reasoning became them. Their emissaries mingled with his pupils; but without extracting any matter for the gratification of their malice, and without any other consequence than that of inducing Pietro to renounce the instruction of youth (to which he imputed the jealousy of the clergy) that he might not provoke their envy to more effectual measures, and lose the consolation of returning to dust in consecrated ground. He resolved to devote the last chapter of his life to the education of an orphan nephew, whom fate seemed, in an especial manner, to have called on him to protect, by depriving the boy of every other friend. Having adopted him as his son, and declared him heir to all his estates, he secluded himself from all commerce with the world. Books of astrology and magic, his nephew Benedetto, and a poor cousin named Francesco, whom he had taken into the house as a playmate and companion for the former, composed his whole society.

The child alone tasted the pleasures of the passing moment; the harvest of the old man and Francesco existed but in reversion. Though the latter found in the house of Barliardo all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, his young heart, panting for freedom, would have spurned all these advantages for a wider range of liberty, had not a fair neighbour, the daughter of a decayed and disabled sculptor, overbalanced the chagrin he endured from the peevishness of the old man, and the tediousness he felt in the insipid amusements of the child. No sooner had Benedetto wearied himself with his sports—no sooner had Barliardo immured himself in his library, to acquaint himself in books with the beings whom he dreaded to invoke, than Francesco stole to Encomonde, and raised, whilst gazing on the beauty of the fair girl, a more blissful spirit than over necromancy,

with all its dread and powerful incantations, had conjured up.

This gentle sprite was no other than the gay god of love, who holds magic circles of crucifixes, death's heads, cross-bows and swords, as light as the burning torrents of Vesuvius do the reliques of St. Januarius; who creeps through the grates of convents, laughs at the precautions of monks, and forces his way to the human heart through every human sense: that god who, though a child, is absolute over men; who, though himself blind, is the surest of guides; and before whom, though he has no longer altars in any church, the whole world bends and worships!

To secure the possession of this treasure, Francesco would have bound his tongue in eternal silence, and have subscribed to the most dreadful law that ancient or modern Dracos have enacted; he would have renounced his reason, received the writings of priests as the word of God, and submitted his faith to the guidance of hoary ignorance and inveterate error.

He erected altars among the fragrant myrtles; under the thick shade of the broad plantain and the gigantic larch: he prayed in the cool of the evening, beside the rippling fountain; he animated the silent and stagnant noon with his entreaties and complaints. It chanced one day, as he had with cheerful promptitude accompanied Benedetto in all the meanders of spontaneous gaiety and mischievous caprice, that the old man elated by the hilarity of the child, cast more grateful looks than usual at the youth, who contributed so largely to its happiness. Francesco seized the moment, when gladness and gratitude beamed in his patron's countenance, like fructifying clouds in an April sky, and prepared by every art to make them descend in a golden shower upon himself. Praises of the boy's intelligence, frankness, and sensibility, opened the discourse, and, warmed with paternal fondness, Barliardo ratified every commendation with a "true Francesco!" and

closed all by remarking, "'tis a soft wax, on which every stamp will leave a clear and perfect impression."

"Fortunate child," exclaimed Francesco, "who will receive a form from the moulding of Barliardo of which princes might envy him! long have men inveighed against the folly and injustice of Fortune, behold her calumniators refuted. In her treatment of Benedetto and myself, she has evinced her discernment and demonstrated her equity. The gentle child she leads by the hands of the wise Barliardo to honour and opulence, to independence and happiness; whilst I, unworthy as unfortunate, am left to grovel in poverty and neglect."

"How!" responded Pietro, "do you style yourself poor? have you not every necessary; do you not enjoy numberless superfluities? are your employments more than salutary exercise? Seest thou not in the future as in the past, a smiling harvest spring gratuitously for thee? I sow for thee now; at my death Benedetto will provide for thee."

"Think me not ungrateful," said Francesco, "your favour has rescued me from indigence, and your heir may perpetuate your benefits; but does man need only raiment for his limbs, and viands for his hunger, and repose for his weariness? the child thinks himself rich with these, and knows no greater bliss than to receive; but man feels a sublimer delight in bestowing—the narrow joys of youth leave my heart vacant; I pant for nobler occupations, and would seek to be happy by imparting felicity. Dependence is not the destination of man; under his vigorous arm weakness should find protection: yet what wretch blesses me for shelter? I feel myself rich in energy, and repine that no one's stock of pleasures is augmented by my exertions; were death this instant to snatch me from the world, what monument of my usefulness should I leave behind me? A day would glide over my tomb, and I should be forgotten."

"These," answered Pietro, "are mere whims, vapours, phantasies! the fractious family of leisure and satiety; say, art thou not esteemed by Benedetto and myself,—wilt not our friendship for thee be perpetual? Oh! Francesco! the benignant dews of friendship have made hearts of granite teem with deeds of virtue."

"Not long since," pursued Francesco, "I strolled with Benedetto to the beach, to inhale the cool breath of evening: when my eyes were dazzled with the charms of a young maiden, who walked before us—her form! but let me not belie her beauty by an unworthy portraiture. Light as cheerfulness, and airy as liberty, she tripped before me, and my eyes spontaneously pursued her, and"—

"Cousin," said Barliardo, interrupting him; "you grow tedious, and weary me."

"And is the ear of friendship so soon fatigued by the voice of the friend?—then friendship thou wilt not satisfy me. The livelong day has this girl listened attentively to the love-sick effusions of my soul."

"Yes, and her eyes have taught thee love—and robbed my child of thy friendship; and mark me, the eyes of women are delusive lights, that lure their credulous pursuer to destruction. Are the excellencies of the mind the ground of thy passion? know you *now*, the true from the counterfeit? Can you determine in the glitter of distance, the genuine brilliant from the ignobler chrystal? Marriage gives you closer inspection; but *then*, you have bought the stone, and must abide the purchase. Or dost thou found thy hope of happiness on personal beauty? Will time pass over the head of thy idol and leave no trace of his footstep? Oh! Francesco, thou knowest not the heart of man, that aggregate of contrarieties, that seat of intestine war and civil discord! We enjoy, but to find in our enjoyments materials for new wishes, to be pursued in their turn, and in their turn to be pronounced worthless!"

"And if," added Francesco, "regardless of your representations and all that the holy fathers of our church have declared, love should yet hurry me to taste the tempting fruit which you represent as so noxious, what then?"

"Then, cousin," exclaimed Pietro, with a voice of thunder, "I would tear thee from my heart, wert thou the ark and palladium of my prosperity. I would despair and die, for that my benefits had not moved thee to more gratitude, and secured thy friendship to my nephew. Unfortunate child! to strangers, intent but to enrich themselves by thy plunder, must I commit thee; to robbers, must I leave thee; attracting rapacity by thy wealth, and emboldening them by thy weakness. Oft have I, deluded dotard, thought that he, who is thy playmate now, would be thy father when I should be no more. Why, Francesco, dost thou strike from me the last support of my declining existence, and tear from me the pillow on which I could have expired with calmness and resignation—but go, exult with thy idol at thy barbarous desertion of me; I will change the name of my house, and disclaim thy affinity. Benedetto shall seek, in the mortification and austerities of a cloister, a sanctuary against vice, and monks shall inherit my ample possessions."

"My father, my benefactor," said Francesco, "torture not thyself with these fears, I only suggested the possibility of that which has not yet come to pass; the eyes of Enemonde have taught me love, but my gratitude to you, and my affection for Benedetto, may teach me to conquer it."

"May I believe thee, Francesco? say that I may believe thee."

"Let my words be registered in heaven."

"Infirm and timid age is by nature credulous," returned Barliardo;—"good kinsman, wilt thou confirm my reliance on thy assurances by an oath, which I wish to dictate to thee? Wilt thou swear never to transfer

thy affections from him to another object?"

"Never to transfer my affections by marriage? Never? Never? I will."

"Follow me to my study; there, before the crucifix, to vow by the redeeming grace of Heaven."

"Never to desert him; never by a marriage to transfer my affections to another?"

"Aye: why dost thou reiterate this to thyself?"

"Shall I not reflect," said Francesco, "upon what I pledge myself to perform? So shall I not pledge myself above my powers of accomplishment. An engagement built on scrupulous hesitations, stands on the firmest basis."

"True, true; wise was thy reiteration, good Francesco; swear also to conceal what I will unveil to thee, in the darkest recesses of thy soul, and to keep thy tongue for ever ignorant of it."

Francesco followed the old man into the library, and there repeated the oath required of him.

Scarcely was the awful attestation completed, when the old man, elated with joy and triumph, was profuse in his expressions of never-ending gratitude. "Thou hast," said he, "sacrificed to my happiness, and Benedetto's welfare, a first love; thou hast sacrificed it too in the heat of youth. Gratitude has not stores sufficient to repay thee, but what it can bestow shall be thine. Follow me."

He seized Francesco's hand, and sliding back the pannel of the wainscot, led the astonished youth into a spacious chamber, beneath the floor. A white curtain divided it; which Pietro having drawn aside, turned to Francesco, who stood by, petrified with astonishment, and bade him survey the inestimable treasure which awaited him. On the floor of the apartment, which was hung with sable tapestry, he observed three circles formed by fillets of parchment, stained with mystic characters, diagrams, and figures of hideous monsters. The outer circle was supported on twelve crosses of the sacred

palm ; the inner on the same number of crosses of thorn ; the middle rested on twelve of laurel. Within these circles lay, in an oblong quadrangle, a white dragon, with golden crest, and scarlet wings, holding in his claws a yellow lizard ; and in an oval, inscribed parallel to the door of the vault, was a triangle containing certain mystic inscriptions. Over the vertex of the triangle, rested on two crossed bones, a human skull, from the eye-cavities of which projected a naked sword and a branch of palm, and in the crown was fixed a cross, round which twined a silver serpent. Behind these sacred barriers, which the combined force of Erebus dared not invade, stood an altar compacted of human bones, and supported by four monstrous forms, for which language affords no name. Twelve candlesticks, bearing high yellow tapers of wax, formed a heptagon round the altar and circles ; and in the centre of these stood four terrific forms, bearing diadems and sceptres, emblematic of the governing spirits of the four elements. An enneagon of holy vessels, crosses, chalices, skulls and bones, swords, palm branches, and doves' wings, enclosed the whole mysterious apparatus. On the altar lay the book of incantation unfolded, to which twelve seals were suspended by flesh-coloured fillets.

"Thy astonishment," Francesco, said Barliardo, "suppresses thy inquiries, and stifles curiosity ; I should plunge thee yet deeper in confusion, were I to reply to all that thy dumb amazement would seek to know. I have promised thee a recompence ; now hear its nature and its worth."

"Know then, that I have long been, what envy and suspicion represented me, a student and an adept in magic. The possession of this precious volume gives me sovereignty over the invisible legions that tenant the vast worlds of air, the spacious tracts of water, the wide regions of earth, and the ample realms of elemental fire : yet, convinced as I am, beyond the reach of doubt, of my dominion over the invisible world, I

own that I have never yet put it to the proof by any actual summons. On thee, my son, have I cast my eyes for a fit auxiliary in this great undertaking ; for thee have I, with my own hands, fabricated the form of Ulic, king of the morning ; of Paymon king of the evening ; of Maymon, king of the noon ; and of Egyn, king of midnight. For thee have I constructed those circles, and erected that altar. I have confined thee by the short tether of entire dependence upon my will, to preclude any transgression from purity and virtue, either of which would disqualify thee for commerce with the spiritual world. Learn, now, why I wish to control thy will—to endow thee with possessions, which thy fancy, in its boldest dreams, never aspired to. All the treasures of the earth are at thy disposal, since their guardians are but as my stewards.

"At the sound of my adjuration, the lynx-eyed Aziel brings thee, swift as thy thoughts transpire in words, the close concealed gold of the miser. At thy command, Amiquel and Marbuel, the spirits of the earth, execute thy half-formed purpose ; they unclothe thee the sealed secrets of nature ; they give thee their fossil treasures ; render every language as thy mother tongue ; and lay all the healing influence of the vegetable world at thy command. Obedient to evocation, Aziabel, the spirit of the waters, drags the great deep to enrich thee ;—pearls and corals he strews under thy feet, and brings thee every marine production of the unfathomable ocean. If thy ambitious pride pant for the applause of the world—the warrior's fame—speak but thy will to Machiel, and nature and chance shall conspire to realize thy wishes. Would'st thou that thy memory be a library of all tongues and sciences ? Baruel shall make thee the organ of wisdom, and sages shall enrich their minds with the lees of thy intellect. These six spirits bring thee fortune and glory ready coined ; the seventh, Mardiel, conveys to thee the bullion of every happiness, and

leaves thee the exalted labour of stamping it thyself! Art thou overwhelmed, my son, by the floods of fortune that are at thy disposal, that thou standest speechless and rigid as one without life?"

"Wealth, wisdom, fame," murmured Francesco, "are my vassals; the elements my freeholds; vast nature but my storehouse;—say, do I dream? What could move thee, my father, to such lavish communication?"

"The welfare of my child," replied Barliardo, "is more secure in thy keeping—than gold in chests of iron. I purchase his happiness with all I possess—I am a gainer by the bargain. But now repose thyself—go—if not to sleep, to meditate in the still solitude of darkness."

Retired to the solitude of his chamber, Francesco in vain endeavoured to win a momentary respite from the crowd of visions that beset him. He fancied himself crushed under the weight of Pietro's treasures. His disordered brain evoked a hundred rapacious phantoms around him, who all strove to seize his imaginary wealth. The man, who, catching at a supposed variegated fillet, finds a serpent in his grasp; the alchymist, who, after a life's labour, finds his transmuted gold, base metal, starts not with such wild surprise at the chilling discovery, as did the terrified Francesco, when he became acquainted with the worthlessness of his acquisition. "And have I," murmured he, with a convulsive shudder, "have I sold my living treasures, my beloved Enemonde, for the worthless gold, and visionary phantoms of ambition and vanity? Have I bartered thy gentle accents, for the chill chink of zechins. Have I exchanged the pearls and rubies of thy cheeks for the yellow gleam of gold, and exchanged thy fervid fondness for the favour of a peevish miser? Wretched dupe! and what recompense have I received for this inestimable sacrifice? Have I security that I shall ever receive it? Why does Pietro give me but expectation, and reserve possession for his nephew? Means

he to cheat me with an empty delusion? Am I neglectful of my own, to watch over Benedetto's happiness; and find deception and disappointment the sole reward of my solicitude? What certainty have I that spirits own allegiance to necromancy? Why did he never call them to his presence, or make his nephew monarch of the invisible world? Why did he not, if he had the power, appoint one of these superior beings to be the guardian angel of his favourite? And, grant his promises valid; say, the lords of the elements are his vassals, and I the heir of his dominion in its full extent, what were a throne to me that I could not share with Enemonde? Is there no ransom which can release me from the bondage of an oath? What aperitive like gold; and then would not the whole world be my treasury? Oh! what daemon infatuated me, when I bound my soul with this accursed oath? What could tempt me to turn a fiery Phlegethon between myself and Elysium? Never to marry during the life of Benedetto! And is the boy immortal or invulnerable? No, Pietro, I tell thee, no. My arm should reach his heart, though it were clothed in a triple coat of mail; I strike but at his life, thou hast aimed at my happiness! And must I, indeed, choose between Enemonde and eternal salvation? Gracious heaven, thou cannot impose on feeble man such heart-rending alternatives! Surely an erected temple, an endowed monastery, will atone for crime, and Pietro's coffers contain the materials of ten St. Peter's! Heaven will not shut its golden gates for ever against my atoning spirit."

After a night passed in a fever of conflicting thoughts, amounting almost to desperation, Francesco arose at break of day, to seek in the cool air of the morning a balm for his fevered brow. He rushed into the street, and entered unconsciously the church of a neighbouring monastery. The lofty organ struck up a solemn peal, and the sacred harp sent forth a response to its majestic intonation.

The deep notes fell on his ear, and, in spite of the clamorous cares that besieged him, he stood still to listen. With a grandeur of declension, and ample magnificence of cadence, the loud instruments ceased, and melodious flutes in liquid tones resumed the lay with a plaintive melody. After a brief pause, the pathetic strains of a funeral hymn were heard through the soft cloud of instrumental sound, which the deep knell of the full bassoon broke upon, like the bell of death. The dirge sunk in gentle cadence, and lower and lower fell the melodious whisper, till echo no longer returned the sound; a deep silence reigned; when the shrill notes of the viol burst forth, like the shrieks of long-imprisoned agony, and a voice that seemed to seek Francesco, sang in accents of wild despair—

Restore him to me, murderer!
Give me back my beloved child,
The source of my life and happiness.
Oh, Absalom, my son, my Absalom,
Would to God my life would ransom thine!
Oh, Absalom, my child, my Absalom!

Francesco's heart died within him, as if every word were addressed to himself; he turned pale, as though he had been convicted in open court of murder. Tears streamed from his eyes, and eased his bursting heart. He prostrated himself before the cross, and regaining his recollection, proceeded with apparent calmness to the residence of his kinsman.

Barbardo received him with every mark of affection, and observing deep traces of anxiety in his countenance, ascribed it to the effervescence of an enthusiastic mind, excited by the expectation of such ponderous attainments. The ensuing day, he promised him should be the first of preparation, for the much-desired ceremony; and the morning of that, as well as of the eight following days, must, he said, be ushered in with prayers and lustration. Francesco heard the old man to a pause, without making any reply, and then withdrew to his chamber, where nature entirely exhausted by incessant agitation of spirit, sank into transient and uninterrupted repose.

On the morning of the fifth day of preparation, it chanced that Benedetto, whom the occupation of the novice in necromancy left almost wholly to himself, was playing as usual in the library of his uncle. He had counted over the painted breviaries, examined the frontispieces of all the well-known books, and feeling tediousness creep over him, was hastening to the garden, when an unusual projection of a pannel in the wainscot attracted his notice. From the instinctive impulse of curiosity he drew it from its place, and found behind it a door, which he had never before observed—he opened it, and passing onward, was conducted by a winding staircase to a spacious apartment. The wind which gained admission to the room, blew aside the veil that concealed the magical apparatus, and disclosed the strange spectacle to the wondering boy, who pleased with the novel scene, forgot his amazement in delight. With childish wantonness he threw aside the curtain, and feasted his eyes with the splendid assortment of forms and colours. Free from all apprehension, he advanced to the hideous shapes of the elementary kings, laughed to excess at the stern terror of their features, and aped, with his smiling countenance, their threatening looks; then having torn the golden sceptres from their hands to convert them into playthings, he became anxious to learn the meaning of this unusual sight. The magic volume lay open upon the altar, and the painted page fixed his attention. He beheld therein a black monstrous form, with horns and claws, surrounded with triangles, crosses, and cherubims' heads, intermingled with written characters, which, prompted by curiosity, he essayed to read.

Scarcely had he turned the leaf, ere a report was heard, that appeared to rend the beams of the house asunder. Benedetto looked around with anxiety and trepidation, and lo! before the window a thick mephitic fume arose from the ground, which gradually dilating on every side, shot

forth balls of fire, and licked the walls with tongues of livid flame. A burning wind blew from the midst of it, and a sulphureous smoke spread over the room. Dismay struck her icy fangs into the heart of the affrighted boy: he fled from the book, and stumbled by accident over one of the monstrous forms, and conceiving himself in the fangs of a demon, lost all power of speech and motion. Scarcely had he crawled to the altar, in search of a place of refuge, when the window frame was flung with tremendous ruin into the chamber, and, at the same moment, from the thickest of the murky vapour, an infernal form burst into the centre of the room. If shape may be assimilated to what had no distinct form, a vast black, erect bear, had most resembled its figure: from the yawning cavern of its mouth, armed with sharp tusks of enormous magnitude, hung a huge red triform tongue; its eyes glared like two angry comets, and its uplifted fangs burned with glowing fire. With impetuous fury it rushed upon the hapless boy, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed; "What wantest thou? Thou hast called me, I am here." Benedetto lay panic-struck and speechless behind the altar. Once again, with horrid howl, the monster reiterated, "What wantest thou with me?" The soul of the terrified child seemed to have deserted its mansion. "Take thy reward for dragging me from the friendly gloom of hell to the abhorred beams of day," yelled the fearful form; and infixing his fangs in the tender neck of the sweet boy, strangled him on the spot. The burning talons hissed in the pure blood, the close compression stopped respiration, the rosy cheeks of the child assumed the purple hues of death, and the gates of sight closed on his eyes forever. With unmitigated fury the monster rushed out of the window.

It was mid-day before Pietro returned with Francesco, from his devotions. Accustomed to be met with caresses at the door by his affec-

tionate child, the old man was surprised to see no signs of his unfortunate nephew. He inquired for him with anxious alarm, and was answered by an old servant, that he had, perhaps, fallen asleep in the library, in which he had been shut up for some hours. I was afraid to look for him, Signor, said the man, trembling, for all, I am sure, is not right in the house: it has been so shaken, and filled with strange noises, that I thought one stone would not have been left on another. Dreams, phantasms, replied Pietro; but inwardly alarmed, he hastened with portentous apprehension to the chamber. As he opened the room, the sulphureous vapour almost overpowered him; but rushing forward with precipitation, he found the secret pannol disclosed; and then subdued by his terrors he staggered a few steps forwards and fell head-long down the stairs. Raised, however, above casualties which affected only himself, by his cares for his nephew, he cast a timid, yet eager glance over the room; and, but too well convinced of his misfortunes, sank on the floor; Francesco, was scarcely less afflicted by the sight.

Long lay their powers benumbed in deathlike insensibility; slow was the return of life and perception to both. Dreading to raise his sight from the earth, Pietro stammered with a faint, feeble voice, "Francesco, lift up thy eyes, and tell me what thou seest."

Francesco looked round at this command, and replied, with hesitation, "I see a window beaten out of its frame; the hands of the four kings without sceptres; the circles trodden down, and traces of burning claws on the tapestry."

"See'st thou nothing more?"

"I see the book of evocation open on the ground."

"See'st thou nothing more?"

"I see ——— oh that I had plucked out mine eyes ere they shewed me the tragic sight—I see Benedetto lying beside the altar, and in his ivory neck five deep wounds, whose

lips seemed scorched with fire, and who have poured five purple streams on his lily bosom. I see—why does not the sun sicken at the piteous sight, and shroud his beams in nocturnal obscurity?—the sweet boy's fingers twisted in the network of the altar, and his teeth clenched with the agonies of death?"

Pietro had again relapsed into insensibility; Francesco raised him from the floor, and conveyed him to a couch. The motion recalled his fleeting senses. "See'st thou nothing more, Francesco?" cried he, with a convulsive shudder; and then with rapid transition of passion exclaimed, "who brought me here? shall a homicide die on soft cushions? no, no, avenging hell! be the rack or wheel my death-bed, or lay me on the burning bull of Tartarus. Oh, where is the body of him I have murdered?" He started from his couch, and hurried to the fatal chamber, wound his arm about a pillar to support himself, and surveyed the altar with a steady and wistful gaze. Having approached the magic volume, he cast his eye over the expanded page, and wrung with new agony, cried, "yes, I am his murderer! let men wreak their vengeance on my body, and demons employ all their infernal engines on my accursed soul. I am his murderer! How came my hapless boy here? I, I have dug the pit for him, and am his murderer. Why does not thy sweet face become a Gorgon to me? Why does not every drop of thy pure blood start up a devil to revenge thee? The demon whom he unconsciously summoned, appeared; Dirachiel, the fiercest fiend that ever sprang from the loins of hell, or sucked the venomous dugs of his dragon mother. He found the unsuspecting infant out of the circles, and seized the proffered occasion to destroy him. Yet, 'twas I, accursed dotard, that decoyed the innocent babe into the fangs of the demon. O earth, entomb a miscreant that pollutes thy surface! Walls close upon me, and crush a monster whose presence makes you curse the fast

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foundations that forbid your flight!" Having thus spoken, and passion supplying him with strength, he beat down, and split to pieces the altar, trampled on the circles, broke the images, and tore in pieces the book of evocation. For a few moments he stood mute and motionless, and then collecting the fragments of the crosses, images, and altar, into a pile, he hurried out of the room; but overpowered by the excess of feeling, sank motionless on the stairs, where he was found by Francesco, who bore him a second time to his chamber. Overstrained emotion raised a fever in Pietro's brain, his reason and memory yielded to the terrors of a delirious imagination. He raved of empires, which he had to distribute, of planets to reform, and suns to re-lume; of conferences at which he was to assist with angels; of the last unction which he must administer to a dying saint; of testimony he must bear against two devils for the murder of an innocent. The violence of passion wrung a deadly damp from his body; he conceived himself already without life; the canopy which hung over him seemed a dim vault, his couch a bier; the coverlid appeared a pall, and even the slightest noise sounded to him like the last trumpet. He whispered to Francesco, as if afraid the wall should hear: "I had once a nephew! a little wanton laughing boy; the crutch of my age and prop of my happiness. I lost him; angels saw his sportive innocence, and took him to themselves for a playfellow. See, there he stands, near the Redeemer, in a shining raiment, and bears the effulgent casque of Omnipotence. Ha! I lie, I lie! see the blood streaming from his mangled neck! Can the endearments of angels leave vestiges thus ruinous? No, they are prints of hell's footsteps. Hark! heard you that cry of sorrow? Benedetto's parents stretch forth their wasted arms from the grave, and require their child from me. Ah, say not I have murdered him!" He then sank upon the bed, hid his face beneath the clothes, and lay breathless

and panting, as if in dread of instant detection.

His horror and remorse endured for hours, in the extremity of tumultuous perturbation; they then sunk into more silent anguish. Thus he lay till midnight; when rising from his bed, he bade Francesco follow him, and slept lightly to the secret chamber, with an apparent composure, which might have deceived the most penetrating observer, and persuaded the most skilful physician that reason had regained its seat in his soul. Assisted by Francesco, he conveyed all his books of necromancy, and magical apparatus, into the garden, and formed them into a kind of funeral pile; then seizing a brand from the fire, in a moment the pyre was wrapt in fierce flames, that soon reduced it to a heap of dead ashes. During the conflagration, his tortures appeared suspended, and his mind to have recovered, in some degree, its serenity; but, as the flames expired, remorse resumed her stern empire over him; and he exclaimed, in a tone of frantic despair, I will strew these glowing ashes on my head! I will mingle them with my tears, in the cup which consolation reaches to me, and drink them off, to my perdition.

Drooping and exhausted, at length, Pietro collected the ashes, and bore them to his chamber. The corpse of Benedetto he filled with the most precious spices, and clothed it in a robe of white and silver. On the second day, it was interred in the church of St. Oliveta; and a perennial mass was established for the repose of the spirit.

The day after Benedetto's burial, the unhappy Pietro confessed himself to the Abbot of St. Oliveta, and received absolution of his sins, but distrusted its efficacy. He obtained from the Abbot permission to be interred at the feet of Benedetto, and to have their sad history engraved on their sepulchre. For this he devised the tenth of his property to the mo-

nastery, and bequeathed the residue to Francesco. Contented on these two points, the miserable Pietro grew more composed; he ordered himself to be borne in his couch to his library, and placed before the crucifix, on which he kept his eyes ever fixed, entreating from it some signal of heaven's mercy. He took neither nourishment nor medicine; never turned his look from the image; nor opened his closely-compressed lips, but to entreat some sign of salvation.

Towards evening, as he revived from a state between a doze and a trance, and re-commenced his faint, but earnest supplication for some token of divine mercy, the wooden image thrice inclined its head. The last breath of Pietro's life, which had waited but for this blessing, exhaled in a transport of joy.—He exclaimed, God has forgiven me! and closed his eyes forever.

His corpse was deposited in the church of St. Oliveta, beside that of his beloved Benedetto. A superb monument was erected over their grave, on which their dreadful catastrophe was inscribed as a warning to posterity.*

Already had experience taught Francesco, that the enjoyment of riches was at some distance from their possession. Ever since the death of Benedetto, he had been the virtual possessor of Pietro's property; and yet he had not once dared to indulge himself with a sight of his *Enemonde*. He was compelled to watch over his wealth, like a dragon over subterranean gold. He dared not leave the bed of his dying kinsman, lest the cowed legacy-hunters, who crowd about a sick man like crows round distempered cattle, should come between him and his expectations, and intercept his inheritance. He durst not, in the presence of his expiring relative, manifest the smallest sign of the inward satisfaction and triumph with which the prospect of independence

* Swinburne saw the stone in 1777. Vide Swinburne's *Journey through both the Sicilies*, from the year 1777 to 1780, Vol. III.

inspired him, lest the offended pride of the testator should instigate him to revoke his act in the youth's favour, and, by too keen an appetite for his prey, he might thus lose it for ever. Scarcely was Pietro immured in the tomb, ere Francesco burst, like a spring long held back from its proper bent, from the dreary constraint in which he had been retained, and hastened to his lovely Enemonde; his bosom swelling with exultation, and his eyes flashing with the flame of joy, as the summer sky with playful lightnings.

It was as if a wall, that reached from earth to heaven, had been removed from between them; as if both had just disengaged themselves from vows of eternal chastity; as if each had escaped the hands of the executioner. Francesco and Enemonde rushed into each other's arms. As if on that point only where they stood, was vital air to be inhaled; as if on that point only was earth below, and heaven above, they stood there, fixed and immovable. As if they feared that, at any the smallest interstice, misfortune should insert her flaming sword, to divide them, or place immeasurable wastes between their meeting, they stood close conjoined, and inseparable as tablets of marble. Words seemed too mean a dress for their emotions of exultation; too incompetent representatives of their transports, too dim a medium to convey their sentiments. Looks and sighs, close embraces and warm kisses, ecstatic murmurs, and fervent caresses, are the rhetoric of love; and, with all these troops at their command, they were at no loss to express their mutual rapture.

Long held their joy, ere words were thought of; and when they recurred to them, it was but at intervals, when a solitary monosyllable would steal out from amid a crowd of kisses.

"And art thou really mine," said Enemonde, "joy of my life? once more assure me that thou art, and confirm my felicity. Is every impediment removed? Does fortune no

longer withhold her consent to our union?"

"Every obstruction is levelled with the ground," rejoined Francesco, "every chain is loosed from us. I am thine, thou mine, as sure as joy is in thy arms, or misery without them. Iron chests crammed with gold are mine, are thine; fields and vineyards are mine and thine; all that can banish care, or ensure pleasure, belongs to me and to thee, source and partner of my happiness!"

"Doubtless, thou hast merited every thing."

"Indeed I have. Didst thou but know, Enemonde, what I have achieved since I saw thee!"

"I dare swear, the labours of Hercules."

"Little less, believe me. What sayest thou to my having sworn never to become thy husband during the life of Benedetto?"

"'Tis impossible thou couldst have forsworn the possession of thy Enemonde."

"May you never be mine, if I did not! I confessed my passion for thee to Pietro, and laboured to win from his liberality a nuptial present, that might set us above the restraints of poverty. He raged as if I had revealed to him a sacrilege: he threatened to expel me from his house, to make Benedetto a monk, and to bequeath his treasures to a monastery: he deafened me with reproaches of my ingratitude; rent my heart with lamentations of his miserable destiny, and so staggered my understanding, that I besought pardon, and received it only on condition of this oath, which was followed by another, from the observance of which his death has released me. On this, he led me to a secret apartment, unveiled a magical apparatus, promised me dominion over the spirits of the higher and nether worlds, and engaged to initiate me in all the mysteries of necromancy. The life of Benedetto now stood between thee and me; my soul was tost in all the agitation of jealousy, and I wandered about like an unhappy exile, far from all that was

dear to me. Thy possession was to be obtained but by a desperate act, and to that I strained all my faculties, and goaded on my resolution."

"Nothing less, I suppose than my murder?" said Enemonde.

"That stroke I reserved in case of your perfidy," said Francesco. "I found by chance, or rather love led me to the discovery, an old bear's-skin, which had probably been used by some scholar of Barliardo at a carnival. An old monk, deeply versed in chemistry, had taught me to make fire-works, which should emit thick smoke, cast balls of flame, and make loud explosions.

"I loosened from its frame one of the windows of the mysterious chamber which looks into the garden, but left it apparently firm in its station; I opened the magic volume in a part which contained an invocation to an infernal spirit. Depending on Benedetto's curiosity for the success of my design, I unclosed the pannel, which conceals the door leading to the secret apartment, in such a manner, that the most inattentive eye must have remarked it. When we were at mass, Benedetto was accustomed to amuse himself in the library. On the fifth morning of my preparation this was performed, when stealing unobserved by Pietro from the church, I clothed myself in the bear's skin, and having provided all my implements, concealed myself in the garden under the loosened window. Justly had I reasoned on the boy's curiosity; it drew him into the mysterious room, and to the altar, where he read the open page of the magic volume. While he was thus employed, I slung a fire-work into the apartment, which filled it with thick vapour; I then forced in the window with a violent crash, rushed in, and finding him in a swoon, strangled him with a pair of red-hot pincers."

Enemonde tore herself from the arms of Francesco, and flew to the tabernacle for protection as if a demon pursued her. For some minutes she hid her face in the cover of the altar; at length, raising her head,

she exclaimed, "and is it then true?"—"What," cried Francesco, with alarm and agitation.—

"That joy can be so near a-kin to madness," said Enemonde.

"Thus was I liberated from my oath, was the future heir of Pietro, and thy husband," said Francesco. "Was there any other road open to me? Were there any other means in nature to liberate me from the slavery into which I had been decoyed? Had I murdered the boy in any other way, suspicion of the fact must have fallen on me, and instead of attaining happiness in thy arms, I must have rushed to an infamous death upon the scaffold; but now the suspicious vigilance even of the priesthood is baffled, for before what tribunal can they cite a demon?"

"Francesco, art thou really sober?" said Enemonde.

"Can intoxication preserve such coherence?" said Francesco. "I threw off my disguise, returned to the church, and thence with Barbaro to his mansion. What had happened was soon revealed to him, and his distempered imagination prepared him for my delusion. He fancied the boy had unconsciously summoned a fiend, who, finding him without the circles, had strangled him. He called himself Benedetto's murderer, raved and wept, and gave himself up to remorse and despair, till nature could no longer support his anguish, and he sank into languor and despondency. He lay motionless before the crucifix, and spent his last moments in asking a sign of heavenly forgiveness. My weakness at length moved me to compassion for the old swindler, who would have given me a book, filled with falsehood and jargon, as a recompense for the loss of thy living and substantial treasures; I mounted within the hollow imago while he was in a doze, and moved its head thrice as he awoke. Pacified with this pledge of salvation, he gave up the ghost, and his soul took its flight."

"Strange, that delight should operate so upon our senses! May I

own, without exciting thy laughter, Francesco, that thy love accents knell in my ears as if thou hadst really murdered the good Pietro, and Benedetto, the sweetest boy that ever gambled over the face of nature."

"Thy ears are faithful interpreters: I have murdered both; but it was to obtain thee. For thee, Enemonde, I murdered the innocent Benedetto; for thee have I exiled myself from heaven, and insured for myself certain perdition; and now say, if obduracy to conviction will permit thee, that I have not deserved all thou canst bestow on me."

"If thou hast done this," said Enemonde, "if it can be true—"

"Trifle not with my impatience!" answered Francesco, *I have done it, it is true.*

"Then art thou the most execrable monster that was ever born for the destruction of man."

"So be it! In thy arms I wait my regeneration to humanity."

"Ha! shall I live under one roof with thee, thou murderer of innocence? Shall I kiss lips that spoiled words to him, whose loved flower their breath has blasted? Shall I suffer hands about my neck that have been embued in the blood of the gentle Benedetto? Cast me into an escargatory* where crawl unnumbered toads and adders; there let hunger whip me till I devour their poisonous flesh, and thirst scorch me till I lick the slime from their madid skins; I would rather live an eternity in that den, than one hour in thy arms."

"Enemonde, I hope present surprise over-rides thy settled purpose. Remember your oath to be mine, were I a mass of depravities and abominations."

"Though that vow, which escaped me in the phrensy of passion, had reached the presence of God, and perdition hung over me, I would violate it. Didst thou think, mon-

ster, the blood of innocence a grateful sacrifice to the heart of a woman? Didst thou think I would lull thee to sleep on my bosom; thee, whom the executioner and the wheel shall consign to perdition? Away, murderer! roll Alps and Apennines betwixt us; Almighty heaven, place immensity between us! Away, wretch! for whom my tortured imagination can find no adequate term of abhorrence away, nor infect the ambient air with thy poisons."

"Enemonde, listen to me."

"My ears are henceforth deaf to thy blandishments, and thy love-murmurs shall sound like the convulsive rattle of thy dying victim."

"Enemonde, cease thus to trifle with me! Have I not done all this to obtain thee? O thou ineffably beloved, speak comfort and consolation to me. Say thou art mine; art thou not the price of my perdition?"

"May an opened grave be my nuptial couch, a putrid corpse my bridegroom, sooner than thee; thou Gorgon to my sight! Hence, murder me not with thy looks."

"Observe your oath, Enemonde? give me my recompense."

"No other recompense can I give thee than curses, contempt, and eternal hatred. As sure"—she snatched a knife from the table, and unloosing her long tresses, cut them off—"as sure as these locks will never more adorn my head, so sure I enter into the most rigid cloister; there to expiate, by severest penance, the crime of having loved a monster who has disgraced humanity."

"Ha! is this my recompense? But still I love thee, and thus I shorten thy sufferings."

He attempted to wrest the knife from her hands, but in vain: she threw it out of the window, and cried for help against murder. Francesco fled with precipitation. As if the girl had revealed his guilt to the whole city, he ran affrighted and goaded by

* An escargatory is a magazine, or nursery for snails, frequent in monasteries, situate in inland countries, where the scarcity of fish reduces the religious, of both sexes, to feed, during their solemn fasts, on those reptiles.

avenging furies through Salerno, rushed to the sea-shore, mounted the highest summit of a chain of rocks, and flung himself down headlong. Where he should descend, consternation had left him no power to consider or inquire; he fell on a shoal, that but just rose above the surface of the water. His vital parts remained uninjured from the fall, but a sharp angle of the rock which grazed him in his descent, had torn his left cheek from the bone, which it had broken; and both his legs and one arm were fractured. Death, into whose soft downy arms he meant to sink, had placed a bed of stone to receive him, strewn with tortures. For some time Francesco's crushed frame lay void of life and feeling; then the trembling pulse recovered a feeble motion, sudden spasms shook his nerves, and his respiration pressed laboriously through his clenched teeth. He had been in a swoon of anguish, not of death; and his soul soon found itself alive under the ruins of its shattered tabernacle. The refreshing breezes which played on the water brought him to himself, and enabled him to see and feel every pang his torturer had prepared for him. His first look was to his maimed limbs, where he saw his blood and marrow soaking through his vestments. Pain had infixed her viper tooth in the seat of sensibility, and insinuated therein her subtle venom. He sought to approach the edge of the rock, but could not stir himself; death had bound him for execution on the stage of torture, where he lay immoveable. A burning fever, kindled by anguish, raged in his blood, to which the heat of the meridian sun, reflected from the rocks and water, gave additional violence. In the green mirror that encompassed him, he saw the wall of rocks reflected that cut him off from the land; he heard the waves dashing against their base, and the horrors of his situation opened upon him. As the objects disengaged themselves from darkness, when the orient morn shone effulgently on the eastern hills, the miserable and guilty Francesco

saw his deeds rise up before him, and at first his too precipitate suicide appeared the most obnoxious of his offences. He lamented that he had left that dearly-purchased wealth unenjoyed, which had lured nymphs to his arms, before whose beauties the charms of Enemonde had veiled their diminished lustre in shame and envy, and who would have richly consoled him for the loss of his ungrateful fair one. Regret stimulated him to vain struggles for escape; loud were his cries for assistance, but none heard them: no vessel, however small, approached the dangerous shoal in which he had involved himself. Flies, wasps, and hornets swarmed about his battered visage, from which he had no means of driving them, inserted their suckers into his torn flesh, and sated themselves with his blood and juices. The loose spray of the sea was cast over him by the breeze, and wherever the briny drops fell into his wounds, they gave a keener edge to his torments. He cried to heaven and to man for rescue; justified and cursed his deed; called Pietro and Enemonde his murderers; besought the All-gracious to terminate his misery, to open an abyss beneath him, to draw down the rocks on his head. He strained his nerves by vain efforts, and stung with agony, cut new wounds in his flesh by useless struggles. The torrid sun blistered and peeled the skin from his face and neck, and burning thirst seared his palate. He lay on the most excruciating engine of torture, on which ever lay the victim of his passions, until evening; and morning returned again, without sleep, without any mitigation of his anguish, which redoubled with every fresh pang. His strength was annihilated, and did not suffice to the faintest motion or groan. A cormorant alighted on him and ate out both his eyes.

Towards the evening of the second day the rising winds howled a note of comfort to the wretched sufferer; the sea curled into higher waves, and the distant thunder growled in hoarse

murmurs. The miserable object of such accumulated tortures implored heaven to bury him beneath the ocean, or to hurl its flaming bolts at his head. The tempest grew more obstreperous; the winds raised the waters mountains

high, and heaved them far over the rock where he lay. One of the waves in its return bore his mangled body into the sea, and completed and terminated his punishment!

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THE SMUGGLERS.

I HAD been a soldier even from my childhood—I had been in many a battle—upon my breast, upon my brow, deep scars were visible. I lost a limb, and I bethought me of my mountain-home—the stream—the dark woods—the cottage on the green hill side. I returned to that pleasant home—I took to my bosom a fair young wife—she made me the father of a beauteous boy: on her white breast she nursed that boy, and she fondly cradled him in her arms. I forgot that I had been a man of blood, and was happy in my peaceful cottage. Our neighbours were peasants; their limbs were brawny and muscular. Many of them were smugglers; nor did they regard their calling as criminal. Their fathers had lived and had died in its practice: they regarded the wretched trade of smug-

gling as a birthright; and they loved it the better for its dangers. In the sides of the hills, near to the clear streams, they dug themselves huts, where, in the darkness of the night, amidst the storm, in the wild wind, they met to prosecute their lawless calling.

It was winter: snow was upon the hill—upon the wood—upon the ice-bound river. In every village arose smoke from distilleries licensed by the law; but no smoke arose from the fireless hearth of the wretched smuggler; and even had there been fuel, there was no food for the smuggler's board: a draught of water from the half-frozen spring—a cake of oat-en bread—such was his children's fare. Yet would the young mother raise her meek eyes to heaven; and, ere she broke the bread, would bless

it with a mother's blessing. The aim of the law was now stretched forth to desolate the smuggler's huts. From the arms of the fond wife, from the breast of the pale bride, those miserable, those wild uneducated men, were dragged, to become things of shame. With tears did the wife water her lone couch—with tears did the babe call upon its father's name: he was in prison—ay, in prison; and when those mourners assembled at their sad meal, their hearts were broken. Yet, the smugglers, those dwellers of the hills, were peaceful men; and from their thatched roofs I have oft times heard arise the sounds of heart-ejaculated prayer.

Sarah Beaton was a maiden of rare loveliness: meekness and purity beamed forth from her face of beauty—from her dark loving eyes: her long black hair fell in braided tresses. To the old pair with whom she lived, Sarah was somewhat between a child and a domestic. They loved her much—who would not have loved her, that gentle girl? and dearly they did love her, as they beheld her in the light—the loveliness of her young charms!—Sarah was the daughter of a smuggler: dear to her were those law-forgetting people; and she wept in purity and in maiden pity over their proscribed and desolated state. I had heard that a party of soldiers were about to be sent into our quiet glen. I felt for those devoted men; for I had seen dark unquiet looks among them; and I feared that they would rise up in wrath, and that blood would be shed. One of the peasants—I knew him well—wandered from house to house, begging for alms. He seemed to be lame and maimed; but, under the disguising beard, the matted hair, I recognised the fiery eye, the wide nostril, like that of the war-horse—the high manly forehead of Alan Grahame. He was a youth of much promise: gentle to the guiding hand, when in kindness it was extended; but, were insult offered to his young blood, his bold spirit, like that of the wood-lion, would rise up within him. I saw him

wandering, from hut to hut, in secrecy and in disguise. I spoke mildly to him: with a dark look he turned away. On the morning the soldiers were expected in our glen; there was a spirit of mystery stirring abroad; and as I stood in the door of my cottage, groupes of men passed by. They seemed restless and troubled: they spake in low whispering; their eyes glared, and they looked as though they thirsted for blood. They were armed in something of warlike fashion; a rusty sword—a broken musket—an oaken staff; the weapon mattered not. They passed onward, firmly, steadily; bounding, with active strength, across the brook—over the hanging cliff—on—on to the dark wood. Before the hour of noon sixty men were concealed beneath its branches. Then came upon the ear strains of martial music—the hoarse thunders of the drum—the shrill whistle of the fife; and then, over the high hill, was seen a file of soldiers, marching with the firm step of British veterans, their muskets glittering in the sun, the scarlet of their dress gleaming up richly from the white snow.—They have crossed the ford—they are beyond the mill—they are in the dark wood; and now the smugglers, those wild despairing men, fiercer than beasts of prey, rush from their lurking places, to close in the mortal struggle with their fellows—with men who, like themselves, have homes, and loving partners, and children.—Now, the firing has ceased—the soldiers are fleeing down the hill—the smugglers, with mad glee, are returning to their huts to clasp their wives in their blood-stained arms. From then frantic joy, I turned away sadly and in silence. I went up to the dark wood: blood, blood, was all around me: the earth was crimsoned with that life-stream: I heard low heart-rending moans; they were uttered by a wounded soldier. I took him to my home—I laid him upon my bed—I dressed his wounds—and I prayed to the giver of life that he might live.

Ere that night fell, I saw Alan pass any door. Irons were on his wrists; he was guarded by soldiers; his head had sunk down low on his broad chest; he walked feebly, supported by a soldier's arm. Whither had his young strength fled! After some time, the judge came to the trial of this wretched prisoner. He was a mild, melancholy man—his forehead was pale and calm—his large and downcast eyes told that he was occupied with inward musings—his stooping figure indicated by-gone sorrow—it might be sin.—Many witnesses were examined; but on the evidence of Sarah Beaton hung Alan's life. It matters not to my story how this happened. She was there, that sad maiden—pale, motionless as marble. Had it not been for the convulsive movements about her mouth, she would not have looked like a thing of life. The counsel and the judge questioned her; and there was a working in her breast, and in her throat, as though she felt the death-struggle within her heart; but she had to speak the truth before her God, and her words were fatal to the unhappy man. She spake in low broken sounds: once even her large lustrous eyes turned towards Alan. His head was bent upon his folded hands; from his forehead started the sweat-drops till they ran down his cheeks like rain. Upon his face Sarah once looked—the soul

of a sorrowing loving woman was in her gaze—then she bent low her head, and folded her arms upon her breast, and left the court with a sad step.

Alan's brother was a fierce unhappy lad: his passions were wild as the course of the mountain stream; and, as Sarah passed him, his dark brow was bent frowningly upon her, and his wide chest heaved like a sea, and he uttered curses and threats of vengeance. She hears him not! Sarah Beaton had nothing now to do with life. On the following morning she went forth—in her beauty she went: as in our father's days went the damsel, Rachael, to the well of Haran, so went Sarah Beaton to draw water from the spring. In summer, it was a place of wild loveliness; those clear waters bubbling up from the rock in the depth of the lone glade, the birch trees bending in their leafy fragrance over the cool stream: now, the trees were leafless, like **ghosts** of their former selves, and the clouds lowered, and the wind blew. Sarah moved slowly on in her pale sweetness; her black hair waved in the blast: ere she stooped the pitcher into the well, she threw back her arms to bind up those long tresses; from the wood came a flash—a sound—a bullet—another—and the maiden fell back upon the earth, and the blood gushed from her breast, and its crimson tide mingled with the snow!

an imp, not anything supernatural, but *three fine fat rabbits*, caught by the legs in the traps. The simple fact was, that the inhabitants of an adjoining rabbit warren used to make their way up through the sewers into the deserted mansion: and their gambols through the sewer rooms first gave rise to the story of the "Tee Gwynn" being haunted. It is needless to add, that Mr. Thomas forthwith sent for his family and they now enjoy a house and as many rabbits as they can eat, for five pounds a year.—*London paper.*

THE MONTGOMERYSHIRE GHOST.

A FACT

To a town not far from Llanfyllin, in Montgomeryshire, a supervisor of excise, named Thomas, was ordered some weeks back, to occupy the district of another supervisor, who had been shifted to another station, as is usual with the servants of the excise department; and, having a wife and children, he proceeded on first, in order to select a suitable house for his family. He had never been in Wales before, and, consequently, he met with many inconveniences. The only house vacant was a large old mansion, which stood in decay at the foot of a mountain, and to this the supervisor was directed, as the only habitable place that was not occupied. On the first view of so large a house, all notion of becoming a tenant was abandoned; but as the place had a mysterious curiosity about it, the mansion being large, the garden being choked with weeds, the steps leading to the doors moss-grown, several of the windows being broken, and the whole having an air of grandeur in neglect, he was prompted to make inquiries; and an old man to whom he was referred as being the only owner as long as any neighbour could remember, instantly offered to let him the mansion at the small rent of £5 a year. The supervisor did not want so large a house; but as the lowness of the rent operated as an inducement, he struck the bargain, got in a few little things until his wife should arrive with all the domestic equipments of a family, and forthwith wrote off for her. The first night of his sojournment he lighted a fire to dispel the dampness, and having taken his cup of grog, he lay down and enjoyed an excellent night's rest. On rising in the morning, his first visit was to a barber's shop in the town in order to get shaved, and there several persons inquired most earnestly how he had slept; and when he declared that he had never enjoyed a better night's rest in his life, every one seemed amazed. The mystery was now dispelled, and his eyes were opened by being informed the "Tee Gwynn or White House" as the mansion was called, had been haunted for fifty years back.—The supervisor laughed at this notion, and avowed his utter disbelief in ghosts. He spent, however, the greater part of the day in rummaging the vaults and every hiding-place, but without discovering anything. As night advanced, he threw an extra log on the fire, and having borrowed a chair in the town, he sat himself down before it, ate his bread and cheese, and sipped his cup amid various ruminations. At one time he thought his situation rather dangerous—in the event of his suspicions being true, there was no assistance at hand. He might have his throat cut from ear to ear, and his body thrown into a tub, while his wife and family would be none the wiser. Fears of the living, more than the dead, flitted in sudden flashes across his brain, and at length he resolved, in case he heard any thing going on, to remain as quiet as possible, and send all the information he could to the head of his department. He could see by his watch that it was nearly twelve o'clock, but "Nature's fond nurse" had forsaken him, and he felt no inclination to sleep.

On a sudden he heard footsteps on the staircase, and he felt or thought he felt his hair lift his hat, involuntarily, at least in inch off his forehead. His heart fluttered, the logs did not seem to blaze so bright; he listened anxiously, but he heard nothing. After chiding his fancy for frightening him, he mustered courage enough to open the door, which he left in that state, and then betook himself to his couch, after a paralytic sort of a poke at the fire. Scarce had the first doze relaxed his limbs, when he was awaked by a strange clattering on the staircase, as if ten thousand imps were ascending to his room. In the panic of the moment he jumped up, rushed to the land-plate, where he distinctly heard the said imps clatter down the broad staircase again, making faint shrieking cries, which died away with the sounds of their footsteps as they seemed to gain the vaults beneath the house. On his visit to the town that morning, the previous day's inquiries were repented; but he strenuously denied having been disturbed, for fear he should be thought a coward. Towards the next evening, he determined to ascertain whether anything really did ascend the staircase, or whether it was mere fancy; and for this purpose, he spread a thick coat of sand on every step, imagining, shrewdly enough, that if his tormentors were really substantial, they must leave some tracks behind them. The next night was accompanied by the same extraordinary noises; but the supervisor had provided himself with pistols, and being doubly armed with a lamp also, he proceeded down stairs as fast as he could. The imps, however, were too nimble for him, and he could not even get a glimpse of them. Again did he search in every hole and corner, disturbing the poor spiders with the blaze of his lamp; and finding his scrutiny in vain, he was retracing his steps, when he recollected the sand, which, in his terrified descent, he had forgotten; when, lo! and behold! he perceived some five or six hundred cotten tracks! They were too small for old devils, and much too large for rats, and therefore he concluded they must be supernatural beings of some sort. All the day long his brain was racked with conjectures as to the species of creature that could have disturbed his quiet. He had given up every idea that rats could have made such a noise or tracks so large, but he determined to try if a few rat-traps could solve the mystery. Accordingly, he procured six, which were all that he could get, and on the fourth night carefully set them in a row on the staircase. About the mystic hour of twelve, he again heard the devils jumping or hopping, as it seemed, up the stairs, and while he corked off the pistols he heard a trap go off, then another, succeeded by appalling shrieks and the same clattering noise down stairs again. He proceeded to the spot, and there to his infinite astonishment he found, not a devil, not

OXFORD NIGHT CAPS.

Being a Collection of Receipts for making various Beverages in the University.

Whatever we may think of the politics of Oxford, we much approve of the Night-caps of Old Rhedycina. Through all her vicissitudes of Ministerial or anti-Ministerial party, whether she was Jacobite as of old, or Williamite as at present, she has held her frame for good liquor. Compositions of Oxonians, in prose or verse, may perhaps be out-rivalled by those of other regions; but in the composition of Bishop, Punch or Rumfustian, the "old mother of Chunbinner and Tories" stands without question pre-eminent.

And accordingly we see that she has judiciously chosen her members of Parliament—one for the promotion of the grand cause of Toryism, the other to distinguish himself by a regulation of ale-houses. Mr. Peel represents the heart—Mr. Estcourt the stomach of Oxford. The various pamphlets demonstrating the danger of the Church, are under the patronage of the former—the great work, the name of which we have put at the head of this article, is, we think, directed to the attention of the latter. It is a work in which there is no waste of goods—no circumlocation, no spending of useful time; it goes direct to its business, and gives at once the whole history of what it wants to say with a brief precision worthy of Thucydides. We imagine ourselves, while reading it, transplanted to the banks of the Isis, and quaffing the Bishop of Baliol or the swig of Oriel.

Some of the uninitiated will inquire "what is Bishop?" These are ignorant persons, but the present times, when mutual education is the order of the day, we shall condescend to instruct the ignorant. Bishop then, to use the words of our author—

Seems to be one of the oldest beverages known, and to this day is preferred to every other, not only by the youthful votary of Bacchus, at his evening's revelry, but also by the grave Don by way of a night-cap; and probably derives its name from the circumstance of ancient dignitaries of the Church, when they honoured the University with a visit, being regaled with spiced wine. It appears from a work published some years since, and entitled—"Oxoniana, or Anecdotes of the University of Oxford," that in the Rolls or Accounts of some Colleges of ancient foundation, a sum of money is frequently met with, charged "*pro speciebus*," that is, for spices used in their entertainments; for in those days as well as the present, spiced wine was a very fashionable beverage. In the Computus of Maxtoke Priory, anno 1447, is the following curious entry:—*Item, pro vino cretico cum speciebus et confectis datis diversis generosis in die Sancti Dionysii quando Le foler domini Montfordes erat hic, et faceret jocositates subs in camera Orioli.*"—"Vinum creticum" is supposed to be raisin wine, or the wine made of dried grapes; and the meaning of the whole seems to be this:—Paid for raisin wine with comfits and spices, when Sir S. Montford's fool was here, and exhibited his merriments in the Oriel Chamber.

Recipe.—Make several incisions in the rind of a lemon, stick cloves in the incisions, and roast the lemon by a slow fire. Put small but equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, mace, and allspice, and a race of ginger, into a saucepan, with half a pint of water; let it boil until it be reduced one half. Boil one bottle of port wine; burn a portion of the spirit out of it, by applying a lighted paper to the saucepan. Put the roasted lemons and spices into the wine; stir it up well, and let it stand near the fire ten minutes. Rub a few nobs of sugar on the rind of a lemon, put the sugar into a bowl or jug, with the juice of half a lemon (not roasted,) pour the wine upon it, grate some nutmeg into it, sweeten it to your taste, and serve it up with the lemon and spices floating in it.

Oranges, although not used in Bishop at Oxford, are, as will appear by the following lines, written by Swift, sometimes introduced into that beverage:—

Fine oranges
 Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
 They'll make a sweet Bishop when gentlefolk sup.

When this is put upon the table there are few, we imagine, who would be found to say, *Nolo Episcopari*—not even Dr. Percy of Rochester.

But what is Swig? The name sounds low—it is vulgar. We admit all this—but what's in a name?

"Brutus will raise a ghost as well as Cæsar."

All sort of malt liquor is, we know, wrong, but it may be pleasant. We doubt if Mr. Fowell Buxton (or any other brewer) would differ from us in this opinion. However, be it low or high, here follows the recipe:—

The Wassail Bowl; or Swig, as it is termed at Jesus College in this University, is of considerable antiquity, and up to this time is a great favourite with the sons of Cambria—so much so, indeed, that a party seldom dines or sups in that College without its forming a part of their entertainment. On the festival of St. David, Cambria's tutelary saint, an immense silver gilt bowl, containing ten gallons, and which was presented to Jesus College by Sir Watkin W. Wynne, in 1732, is filled with Swig, and handed round to those who are invited on that occasion to sit at their festive and hospitable board. The following is the method of manufacturing it at that College:—

Put into a bowl half a pound of Lisbon sugar; pour on it one pint of warm beer; grate a nutmeg and some ginger into it; add four glasses of sherry and five additional pints of beer; stir it well; sweeten it to your taste; let it stand covered up two or three hours, then put three or four slices of bread cut thin and toasted brown into it, and it is fit for use. Sometimes a couple or three slices of lemon, and a few lumps of loaf sugar rubbed on the peeling of a lemon are introduced.

Bottle this mixture, and in a few days it may be drank in a state of effervescence.

The Wassail Bowl, or Wassail Cup, was formerly prepared in nearly the same way as at present, excepting that roasted apples, or crab

apples, were introduced instead of roasted bread. And up to the present period, in some parts of the kingdom, there are persons who keep up the ancient custom of regaling themselves and neighbours on Christmas-eve and Twelfth-eve with a Wassail Bowl, with roasted apples floating in it, and which is generally ushered in with great ceremony. Shakspeare alludes to the Wassail Bowl when he says, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

We shall not say anything further on the subject of hordiacious drinks. We beg, however, to throw out that the audit ale of Cambridge is rather superior to any fluid of the same kind in the sister University. Let the men of Isis look to it.

Punch also, we shall pass over, but reluctantly, for as the Chaplain, in *Jonathan Wild*, properly observes, it is a much more orthodox liquor than wine, for there is not a word spoken against it in the Scriptures. We suspect our author of a false charge in the following: "Ignorant servants and waiters sometimes put oxalic acid into punch to give it a flavour; such a practice cannot be too severely censured."

We admit that such a practice, if it exists, is very vile; but we doubt that any waiter puts boot-top-fluid into any liquor intended to be drunk. We should think the eminent author intended to say "malic;" but chemistry does not seem to be cultivated in Oxford.

Negus, as Byron remarks, is a paltry drink, having neither the pleasure of wine or the propriety of water; and therefore we pass it by to give a receipt for sack posset—

POSSET.

From sam'd Barbadoes, on the western main,
Fetch sugar, ounces four; fetch sack from Spain
A pint; and from the Eastern Indian coast
Nutmeg the glory of our northern toast;
O'er flaming coals let them together heat,
Till the all-conquering sack dissolve the sweet;
O'er such another fire put eggs just ten,
New-born from tread of cock and rump of hen;
Stir them with steady hand and conscience pricking,
To see th' untimely end of ten fine chicken;
From shining shelf take down the brazen skillet,
A quart of milk from gentle cow will fill it;
When boil'd and cold, put milk and sack to eggs,
Unite them firmly like the triple league,
And on the fire let them together dwell
Till miss sing twice—you must not kiss and tell:
Each lad and lass take up a silver spoon,
And fall on fiercely like a starv'd dragon.

Sir Fleetwood Fletcher's Sack Posset.

With this we conclude. The reader who wants to know the mysteries of Lawn-sleeves or Cardinal, Storative or Rumbooxe, Rumbustian or Brown Betty, must consult the work itself. It is written, we understand, by the punch-maker in ordinary for the college of Brazenose, and has obtained an *imprimatur* from the Chaplain of the late Lord Mayor. There are few better books in our time, and we have read some thousand worse.

RELIGION.

From the Antidote.

THE LAY PREACHER.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree; yet he passed away, and lo! he was not! Yea I sought him, but he could not be found!

These are the words of the Psalmist, and they are words of consolation to every good man, let his situation be what it may. The book in which they are found is inexhaustible in such consolations for the pure in heart, though assailed by poverty, or oppression, or any other human calamity. The wicked and proud oppressor sees in them the index of his destiny; and the humble and sincere Christian is excited by them to look upon this same son of pride and oppression with pity, if not with contempt.

Our religion is full of these consolations; and happy are they who find them in it, when the cares and sorrows of life embitter their thoughts, and when the world treats them ill. It is in such moments, and under such circumstances of affliction, that the value of the Bible, as a precious boon from on high, is felt and acknowledged by every good and grateful heart.

It is too often the case, even with those who are comparatively virtuous, that they repine when they see wicked men flourishing, because they cannot flourish in the same way themselves. They see an unprincipled and profligate man surrounded by wealth, and living in luxury; they see him lolling at ease in his coach, or on his sofa, with slaves or hirelings obedient to his nod, and flatterers and sycophants ministering to his pride and folly, and making him believe that he is a God among men; and they silently envy him all these enjoyments, and vainly wish themselves in his place.—But this envy is without reflection; this wish is the very essence of vanity. The man whom they envy is in every respect worse off than themselves. He may loll apparently at ease, but his conscience cannot be quiet. His vices and crimes rise up before him, and with all his pretended cheerfulness, he feels his own meanness, and is inwardly mortified. The homage of his slaves, the obsequiousness of his flatterers, the luxury of his table, his idle pomp, and glittering pageantry, dazzle the spectators, but do not satisfy himself: For in spite of all his efforts to appear one of the happiest of mankind, there are dark and silent periods from day to day, when the ghost of his departed

hours comes to admonish him how vainly and wickedly they have been employed; and when his knees are made to tremble and smite each other by the spectres of a troubled imagination, if not by a hand-writing on the wall.

Herein we behold how just is the Almighty; herein we see displayed in all its grandeur, the power of his everlasting sceptre. It is HE, and HE alone, that sustains the moral as well as the physical world: It is HE, and HE alone that balances the power of nations, that weighs their actions, as well as those of individuals, in the scales of eternal truth and righteousness; and awards to them, both here and hereafter, the weal or the woe to which their merit or demerit entitles them. The history of all ages proves, that HIS justice is sure and never-failing; and that the wicked, whether as nations or individuals, though they may flourish for awhile, shall see and feel both sudden and awful destruction. Individuals shall perish in their pride; nations shall decay in their licentiousness and corruption. The power of every Nebuchadnezzar, of every tyrant and oppressor, shall come to an end; the walls of every Babylon shall be overthrown, and her palaces and her towers, her marts and her high-ways, desolate, solitary and decaying, become the habitations of reptiles, and of birds and beasts of prey. Naught can escape sure and swift destruction, but truth and wisdom: All that is false and wicked shall perish in the "wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds"—all that is true and virtuous shall survive this mighty ruin, and flourish in eternal beauty and beatitude. This is the law of Heaven—this is the decree of Jehovah.

If such be the inevitable destiny and condition of the wicked, why should the virtuous envy them? Why should the poor but honest man repine to behold them *in great power; and spreading like a green bay tree!*—For great as their temporal power may be, and however wide spread its influence and authority, it must and will pass suddenly away, and leave them not only the prey of death, but the subjects of a fearful judgment to come. It is decreed that they shall perish: the decree has gone forth from the throne of Jehovah, and it must and will be executed.

Look at the history of mankind, but for a moment, and how numerous are the instances, in which the wicked have flourished for a season, in power, and wealth, and influence, and then have passed away forever. They have risen like meteors, and like meteors they have fallen. They have for a while played the tyrant, persecuting the innocent, oppressing their subjects, and making even nations to tremble and bow before them; but still their glory has been short-lived, the arm of the Almighty has withered their power; the lightning of his wrath has shivered their sceptres; and lo! they have passed away—they have been sought, but could not be found!

Where then is the good man so simple as to envy the wicked? Where is the wise man who does not pity and despise them? And where are the good and the wise who will not, seeing that destruction never fails to overtake them, refrain from their society, and keep aloof from their assemblies? Let them enjoy their power, their pomp and pageantry; let them wallow in luxury, and revel in voluptuousness; let the tears of the orphan, and the sighs of the widow, bewail the effects of their wickedness and oppression—let them flourish for a season *like a green bay tree*; But envy them not, ye virtuous—for they shall pass away—you shall seek them, but you shall not find them—the arrows of the Almighty shall pierce them, and they shall be no more! In contemplating this, the end of the wicked, and such will ever be their end, let the virtuous and the wise constantly look up

to Heaven with this prayer upon their lips, and in their hearts:—*Remove far from me vanity and lies. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me. Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal; and take the name of my God in vain.* —Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

THE LOST REFLECTION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN

THINGS were at length come to such a pass that Erasmus Spikher found himself enabled to accomplish the wish that he had all his life nourished in his breast, and with a lightsome heart and well garnished purse he placed himself in the carriage which was to bear him away from his chill northern home to the genial and sunny clime of Italy. His dear gentle housewife shed floods of tears in anticipation of the dreariness of solitude; she lifted the little Rasmus into the carriage (having first considerably applied her *mouchoir* to his mouth and nose) that the father might kiss his hopeful urchin once again. "Farewell, my dear Erasmus Spikher," said she, sobbing, "I will keep thy house with all duty and watchfulness. Think often of me, be true to me, and be sure you don't lose your pretty travelling-cap through that foolish habit which you have contracted of throwing your head forwards in your naps." Spikher promised all this, and departed.

In the charming Florence, Erasmus fell in with a party of his countrymen, revelling with the eagerness of youth in all the luxuriant enjoyments of that enchanting clime. He proved himself a jovial, companionable fellow, and his lively wit, combined with the peculiar talent of uniting soundness of judgment and keenness of satire with the wildest starts of imagination, imparted an extraordinary piquancy to their banquetings

and revels. It happened on one occasion that these young people (Erasmus being only seven-and-twenty, of course included) held a little evening fête in the illuminated bosquet of a delightful garden. Each of the youths excepting only our hero, had brought a lovely donna with him. The gentlemen wore the old-fashioned German costume; the ladies were fantastically attired in gay colours, each differing from the other, so that, as they moved in the sportive dance, the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, might have taken them for a bed of tulips waving in the breeze.

When one of the ladies had sung a soft Italian love song, to the graceful accompaniment of her mandolin, the youths struck up a German roundelay, accompanied by the merry jingling of their glasses filled with the rich wine of Syracuse. Italy is, indeed, the land of love! The evening breeze breathed in ardent sighs; the perfumes of the orange and jasmine, soft as the murmurs of love, pervaded the bosquet, mingling with the sportive gambols which the ladies, offering all those little *buffoneries* so peculiar to the Italian damsels, had commenced. Louder and faster grew the mirth and hilarity. Frederick, the Adonis of the party, rose up, and with one arm encircling his partner's taper waist, while the other bore the bumper of sparkling Syracuse high in the air, he exclaimed, "Where is bliss to be found, if

it be not with you, ye gentle and lovely maids of Italy? You are love itself! But you, Erasmus," continued he, turning to Spikher, "do not appear to be over sensible of this, for not only have you neglected, in defiance of all the ordinary rules of gallantry and good breeding, to invite a lady to the fête, but you are, moreover, so gloomy and absent to-day, that had you not at least drunk and sung bravely, I should fear you had plunged at once into the depths of melancholy."

"I must confess to you, Frederick, that in this manner I dare not enjoy myself. You know that I have left behind me a dear and amiable wife, whom I love more than life, and against whom I should commit a public act of treachery if I were to select a partner in these frolicksome games for a single night. With you bachelors it is different; but I as a family man——." The young men laughed outright at Erasmus' attempt to give a suitable cast of gravity to his youthful and good-natured countenance as he uttered the words "family man."

Frederick's partner desired him to interpret what Erasmus had said, and then turning to the latter, with a serious look, and holding up her finger in a threatening manner, she said, "You cold, cold German! but have a care, you have not yet seen Giulietta."

At that moment there was a rustling at the entrance of the grove, and a lady of dazzling beauty entered the illuminated circle. Her white robe fell in rich broad folds, leaving her polished shoulders exposed to view; the wide sleeves descended to her elbows; her hair was parted in front, and gathered up behind in many braids; chains of gold round her neck, and costly bracelets encircling her wrists, completed the antique costume of the maiden, and to look at her you would think it was a portrait of Rubens or Mieiris that had started into life and motion. "Giulietta!" exclaimed all the ladies at once. Giulietta, whose angelic beau-

ty eclipsed them all, accented them with a soft melodious voice—"I pray you, let me partake of your pretty fête, ye noble German youth; I will to him yonder, who is without love and joy among you all." With that she turned to Erasmus, and seated herself in the chair which had been left vacant near him. The maidens whispered among themselves, "Only see how lovely Giulietta is again to-day!" And the youths said, "How is this with Erasmus? he has won the belle, and has been only mocking us."

Erasmus felt so peculiar a sensation at the sight of Giulietta, that he knew not himself what it was that so vehemently agitated him. When she approached him a strange power seized him, and oppressed him almost to suffocation. With his eyes fixed upon her, and his lips frozen, he sat there unable to utter a word, while his companions loudly extolled the maiden's beauty and gentleness.

Giulietta rose, and taking a goblet of wine, presented it to Erasmus. He received the goblet, gently pressing her delicate fingers; he drank; fire streamed through his arteries. Then Giulietta asked jestingly, "Shall I be your partner?" Erasmus threw himself at her feet, and pressed both her hands to his heart, exclaiming, "Yes, thou art! I have always loved thee; thee, thou angel! I have beheld thee in my dreams; thou art my paradise, my life, my heaven!"

All thought that the wine had got into Erasmus' head, for thus they had never seen him; he seemed another man. "Yes, thou art my life! Thou glowest within me with consuming flames! Let me perish, I care not, so it be with thee!" so cried Erasmus, the steady, scrupulous, "family man." Giulietta raised him up; become more composed, he seated himself beside her, and soon the festive gambols were renewed which Giulietta's entrance had interrupted. When Giulietta sang, her seraphic tones swelled all breasts, in-

teasing in them extraordinary pleasure. Her full clear voice carried a secret fire in it that kindled all hearts to love.

A red glimmer already announced the break of day, when Giulietta proposed to end the fête. They broke up accordingly. Erasmus offered his services to conduct her home, but she declined them, pointing out to him the house where he might find her in future. During the roundelay which the youths sung, by way of finale, Giulietta vanished out of the bosquet; she was seen passing along a distant alley of the garden, preceded by two lacqueys bearing torches; Erasmus did not venture to follow her. The youths took their respective partners under their arms, and departed in high glee. Disturbed in mind, and agitated with various novel emotions, Erasmus at length followed, attended by his little foot boy, with a torch; having gradually lost all his companions, he was passing along a distant street, which led to his dwelling. The glow of morning had risen high, and the servant extinguished his useless torch by striking it upon the stone pavement, when suddenly a singular figure, which seemed to start from the midst of the ascending sparks, appeared before our hero; a tall slender man, with a sharp hawk's nose, sparkling eyes, and a mouth distorted by a malicious grin; he was habited in a flame-coloured coat, with glittering steel buttons. "Ho, ho," cried he, in a shrieking tone of voice, "you have surely escaped out of some old book of pictures, with your mantle, your slit doublet, and feathered barette. You look droll enough, Master Erasmus, but will you expose yourself to the ridicule of the rabble in the streets? Pr'ythee return quietly into your vellum binding." "What is my dress to you," said Erasmus, waxing wroth, and would have passed on, pushing the red fellow aside, but he exclaimed, "Well, well, dont be in such a hurry—you cant go to Giulietta quite directly." Erasmus turned briskly round.—

"What's that about Giulietta?" cried he, seizing the fellow by the coat at the same instant, but he turned about like an arrow, and had vanished before Spikher was aware of him. There stood our hero dumb-founded, with the steel button in his hand, which he had torn from the red fellow's coat. "That was the wonder-working doctor, Signor Dapertutto, what could he want with you?" said the boy; but Erasmus was seized with terror, and hurried home.

Erasmus availed himself of the permission to visit Giulietta, and was received by her with all that friendliness and sweetness of manner which were so peculiarly her own. To the maddening passion with which she had inflamed him, she opposed a mild and even conduct; only now and then her eyes beamed brighter, and Erasmus felt a soft shudder pass through him, when occasionally she regarded him with a peculiar look. She never told him that she loved him, but her whole manner and conduct led him to believe that she did, and so it was that the bands which bound him strengthened daily. A glorious sun of joy arose before him. He seldom saw his friends, for Giulietta had introduced him into another circle.

Once, however, Frederick chanced to meet him, and would not let him escape; and when Erasmus' sensibility was awakened by the reminiscences of his father-land and home, he thus addressed him: "Do you know Spikher, that you have fallen into a very dangerous connexion?—You must have already remarked, that Giulietta is one of the most artful countezans that ever existed.—They tell all sorts of strange and mysterious stories about her, which place her in a very extraordinary light.—You afford an example yourself, that when she will, she exercises an irresistible power over men's hearts, and entangles them in indissoluble bonds, for you are entirely altered: you abandon yourself altogether to her seductive arts; you think no longer of your dear housewife——"

Here Spikher covered his face with both his hands, and sobbed aloud, crying out, "Oh my dear faithful wife!" Frederick observed that a severe internal conflict had commenced—"Spikher," continued he "let us depart instantly." "Yes Frederick," cried Erasmus, hastily, "you are right. I know not what gloomy and horrible presentiments seize hold of me. I must go—this very day."

The two friends hurried along the street, and were met by Signor Dapertutto, who laughed in Erasmus' face, exclaiming, "Prytheo be quick—haste, haste, Giulietta is waiting for you, her heart is full of love, and her eyes full of tears.—Quick, quick."

Erasmus was thunderstruck. "I detest this charlatan from my very soul," said Frederick, "and that he should have free in and egress at Giulietta's"—What! this contemptible fellow known to Giulietta! to Giulietta!

"Where have you been all this while," cried a soft female voice from a balcony, have you quite forgotten me already?" It was Giulietta, before whose residence the friends stood without remarking it. With one spring Erasmus was in the house. "Now that he is once there, none can save him," said Frederick, half aloud, and pursued his way.

Giulietta had never been more lovely than Erasmus now found her; she was attired in the same costume in which he had first beheld her; and she shone in all the splendour of youth, health, and beauty. Erasmus presently forgot all that passed with Frederick; the highest rapture bore him away more powerfully than ever; for never had Giulietta shewn him so unreservedly the full force of her affection: she seemed to remark none but him; to exist only for his sake.

A fête was to be held at a villa which Giulietta had hired for the summer season. They repaired thither. Amongst the company was a young Italian, of a disagreeable person and yet more disagreeable manners, who fluttered about Giulietta,

and excited a deep feeling of jealousy in Erasmus, who separated himself from the rest and strode up and down a distant alley of the garden. Giulietta sought him. "What ails thee?" said she, "Art thou not wholly mine?" and throwing her delicate arms around him, she pressed a tender kiss upon his lips. Flames of fire darted through him like lightning; in his frenzied passion he pressed her to his breast, exclaiming, "No I will never leave you, though disgrace and destruction follow." Giulietta smiled with a peculiar expression at these words, and cast at him the same glance which had before made him shudder. They returned to the company. The disgusting young Italian now took up the *role* of Erasmus; impelled by jealousy he gave vent to all sorts of taunts and insults against the Germans in general, and Erasmus Spikher in particular. The latter at length lost patience, and striding boldly up to the Italian, said, "Desist from these contemptuous sneers upon my country and myself, or I will give you an opportunity of exhibiting your skill in swimming in yonder fish-pond." At that instant a dagger glittered in the Italian's hand; Erasmus seized him by the throat, threw him down, and giving him a violent kick in the neck, a rattle in the throat announced that he was giving up the **ghost**. All rushed upon Erasmus, he was almost petrified at his own rashness; he felt himself seized and dragged away, and his senses left him. When he recovered the use of his faculties, he found himself in a small cabinet at the feet of Giulietta, who supported him in her arms, with her head anxiously bent over him. "You wicked, wicked German," said she, in accents indescribably gentle. "What anguish have you caused me! I have rescued you from imminent peril, but you are no longer safe in Florence, or in Italy—you must go—I must part with you, dearly as I love you." The thoughts of separation plunged Erasmus into nameless agony. "Let me stay," cried he, "I

will gladly die, for is to die more than to live without you?" As he had uttered these words it seemed to him that a feeble distant voice called him by name in painful accents. Alas! it was the voice of his gentle German housewife. Erasmus was struck dumb, and Giulietta said in a singular manner, "You are thinking of your wife. Alas! Erasmus you will too soon forget me." "Could I be but thine entirely, and for ever," exclaimed Erasmus.

They were standing exactly in front of the noble looking glass which hung on the wall of the cabinet, with wax lights burning on either side. Giulietta pressed Erasmus closer to her bosom, while she softly said, "Leave me thy reflection, thou beloved of my soul; it shall be mine and remain with me for ever." "Giulietta, what meanest thou?" demanded Spikher, full of wonder. He looked in the glass, which reflected his form and Giulietta's folded in a close embrace. "How can you retain my reflection," continued he, "a thing that accompanies me every where, coming forth to meet me out of every clear pool and every polished surface?" "Not even thy attendant likeness wilt thou bestow upon me, thou who hast professed thyself mine with life and soul! Not even thy unsteady image shall wander with me through this wretched life, that now thou knowest can have neither love nor joy for me!"

The hot tears gushed out of Giulietta's dark and sparkling eyes; then Erasmus, maddening with passion, exclaimed, "Must I then leave thee? If I must, keep my reflection; it shall be thine for ever, and no power shall tear it from thee till thou hast myself, my body and soul." Giulietta's kisses burned like fire upon his lips as he uttered these words. She now tore herself away from him and stretched out her arms towards the mirror. Erasmus saw that his image came forth, independent of his motions; it slid into Giulietta's arms, and vanished with her in a singular vapour. Various croaking

hideous voices now mocked him with infernal scoffings; seized with the cramp of terror he sank to the ground senseless; but the dreadful anguish of his mind overcame the stupefaction of his senses, and he rushed out in the thick darkness, groping his way down the stairs, which he descended without accident. At the house door he was seized and placed in a carriage which rolled rapidly away.

"You are somewhat altered, sir, methinks," said the man who had placed himself by his side, addressing him in the German language, "however, all will now go well, if you will but give yourself up entirely to me; Giulietta has done her part, and recommended you to my care. You are, in truth, sir, a charming young man, astonishingly inclined to agreeable jests, such as Giulietta and I take great delight in. That was an excellent German kick in the gullet, for instance; how the amoro-o's tongue dangled out of his mouth, a lurid blue—he looked ridiculous enough; and did you mind how he croaked and cackled, and how unwilling he was to make his exit?" The man's tone was so ironical that his words were daggers to the breast of poor Spikher. "Whoever you may be," said he, "be silent on the subject of that dreadful deed, which I repent——"

"Repent? Repent? Then probably you repent too that you have known Giulietta, and won her gentle love?" "Alas! Giulietta! Giulietta!" sighed Erasmus, "Why you are childish," continued the man. You wish and hope, and pretend to be in love, but every little difficulty casts you down. Truly it is a disagreeable thing to be compelled to leave your mistress, but yet if you staid here, I could preserve you from all the daggers of your persecutors, as well as from the sword of justice."

The thought of remaining with Giulietta operated powerfully upon Erasmus. "How were that possible?" "I know a sympathetic means which will strike your enemies with

blindness; which, in short, will so operate that you shall always appear to them with a different face, and they shall never recognize you. As soon as it is day you will have the goodness to look long and stedfastly into a mirror; with your reflection I will then, without the smallest injury to it, perform certain operations, and you are safe; you may then live with Giulietta, without danger, enjoying all the delights of love." "Dreadful! dreadful!" exclaimed Erasmus. "What is dreadful! my worthy," inquired the man deridingly. "Alas! I have—I have—" "Left your reflection," cried the other, hastily; "left it with Giulietta? ha, ha, ha, bravissimo, my worthy! Now you may run through meadow and wood, through city and village, till you find your wife and the little Rasmus, and become again a 'family man,' although minus your reflection, a thing of little importance to Madam Spikher, who will possess yourself, while Giulietta must content herself with your image." "Peace! thou dreadful wretch!" cried Erasmus bursting with fury.

At that moment a party approached along a cross-road, singing and laughing in high glee, and bearing torches, which cast their red glare upon the carriage. Erasmus looked his companion in the face, and beheld the detested Signor Dapertutto. He leaped down from the carriage at the risk of his neck, and ran to meet the party, for he had already recognized in the distance, Frederick's full-sounding bass voice. Erasmus quickly made his friend acquainted with all that had passed, concealing only the loss of his reflection. Frederick hastened with him to the city, and so speedily were their measures taken, that when morning dawned, Erasmus, mounted upon a fleet horse, had left Florence far behind him.

Spikher has recounted many adventures that befel him on this journey; the most remarkable was the incident which first occasioned him to feel severely the loss of his reflection. He happened to dismount for

the purpose of refreshing himself and his jaded horse at an inn in a large city, just at the moment when dinner was announced, and he seated himself at the crowded table d'hôte without remarking that a fine large mirror was hanging immediately opposite to him. A mischievous demon, in the shape of a waiter, who had stationed himself behind his chair, observed that in the mirror one of the chairs appeared empty, and that its occupant was not at all reflected by it. He imparted his discovery to Erasmus' neighbour, he to his, and so on until a general buzz ran round the whole circle, and all eyes were directed first at Spikher and then at the mirror. Erasmus, however, had not remarked that he was himself the object of all this whispering and staring, until a big grave-looking man arose from his seat, handed him rather roughly to the glass, looked into it, and then turning round to the company, proclaimed aloud, "Truly, he has no reflection." "He has no reflection! He has no reflection!" repeated every tongue, "a *mauvais sujet*—a *homo nevas*—turn him out."

Covered with confusion, and maddening with rage, Erasmus fled to his room; but no sooner had he taken refuge there than he received notice from the police, that he must either appear before the authorities, accompanied by his entire and perfect reflection, or leave the town within an hour. He chose the latter alternative, and left the city, followed by the rabble hooting after him, and bawling, "there goes the man who has sold his reflection to the devil! there he goes!" At length he escaped out of their reach, and thenceforth wherever he came he caused all the mirrors to be covered, under the pretext of a natural aversion to the sight of reflected objects, and acquired the nick-name of General Suwarrow, because he does the same.

Erasmus was joyfully received by his gentle housewife and the little Rasmus, on his return, and, in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic hap-

pininess soon forgot the loss of his reflection, and of *Giulietta*. It happened however, one day, as *Spikher* was playing with his hopeful son, the boy got a handful of soot, and besmeared papa's face with it. "Oh, father, how black I have made you, only look," cried the urchin; and before *Spinker* could prevent it, he had reached a hand-mirror, which he held before his father's face, looking in it himself the same time; in a moment, however, he let it fall, burst out a crying, and ran out of the room. Shortly after, in came mamma, with astonishment and consternation in her looks. "What is this that the child tells me of you?" said she. "That I have no reflection, was it, love?" said *Spikher*, forcing a smile, and endeavouring to prove that it was madness to believe a man could lose his reflection; though, however, it would be no great loss if he did, since every reflection was but a bare illusion, serving to no good end, but, on the contrary, leading through vanity to numberless evils and disasters.

While he was thus wasting his eloquence, his wife had quickly drawn aside the curtain which covered a looking-glass that hung in their parlour; she glanced at it, and fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. *Spikher* raised her up, but she had no sooner recovered her senses than she repulsed him with tokens of horror. "Leave me," she cried, "leave me, dreadful being! You are not my husband, no! you are some demon—some imp of Satan, and you want to rob me of my happiness, to decoy me to destruction! Away, leave me! you have no power over me, Spirit of the damned!" Her voice echoed through the dwelling, the domestics hurried to the room, and *Erasmus*, filled with fury and desperation, rushed out of the house.

He ran wildly through the solitary alleys of the park which lay near the city; *Giulietta's* form arose before his mind's eye in angelic beauty, and he cried aloud, "Is it thus that you avenge yourself, *Giulietta*, because

I left you and gave you my reflection only instead of myself? Ah, *Giulietta*! I will be thine with body and soul—*she* has thrust me from her; *she* to whom I sacrificed you. Yes, I will be thine for ever!" "That you may easily enough, my worthiest," said *Dr. Dapertutto*, who suddenly stood beside him in his fiery coat with buttons of polished steel. The words were drops of balsam to the unlucky *Erasmus*, and he did not observe the Signor's malicious grin which accompanied the utterance of them. "How shall I then recover her," said he, in a plaintive tone, "she who is lost to me for ever!" "By no means," resumed *Dapertutto*; "she is not far off, and she longs to possess your worthy self, for as you perceive, your reflection is but an empty illusion after all. Moreover, when she is certain of yourself, namely, when she possesses you with body, life, and soul, she will willingly return your agreeable reflection, smooth and uninjured." "Lead me to her," cried *Erasmus*; "Where is she? lead on!" "There is a trifling formality necessary," said the other, "before you can see *Giulietta*, and give yourself to her in lieu of your reflection. She has now no power over your person, because you are fettered by certain bands which must first be broken, your dear housewife, together with your hopeful son"—"What do you mean?" cried *Erasmus*, wildly. "A separation of these bands might be easily effected by human means—you must have heard at Florence, that I possess the receipts for certain wonderful medicaments, and perchance I have such a little family nostrum with me. They who stand in the way between you and the lovely *Giulietta*, need only take a few drops of this, and they will sink down without pain or noise. It is called dying, and death they say is bitter; but is not the flavour of bitter almonds agreeable? and *this* bitterness only has the death which is inclosed in this little flask. Immediately after taking it your worthy family will breathe forth an agreeable

ble odour of bitter almonds. Take it, my good sir." He presented a small phial to Erasmus. "Horrible wretch!" exclaimed the latter, "shall I poison my wife and child?" "Who talks of poison? the phial contains only an agreeable family nostrum. I might employ other means to procure your freedom, but I prefer to operate thus naturally through you—that is my delight. Take it with confidence, my friend." Erasmus held the phial in his hand without seeming to be conscious of it. He ran home and shut himself up in his chamber.

Madam Spikher had passed the night in the utmost anguish of mind; she continued to maintain that the being returned to her in the shape of her husband was not her husband, but a demon who had assumed his likeness, so that when Spikher entered his house all fled before him; the little Rasmus only ventured to approach him, inquiring artlessly why he had not brought back his reflection, for his mamma would fret herself to death about it. Erasmus gazed wildly at the boy; he had Dapertutto's phial in his hand. The child carried his favourite dove upon his wrist, and it happened that the creature pecked at the cork with her bill; she instantly dropped her head—she was dead. Erasmus started with horror. "Traitor!" he exclaimed, "thou shalt not seduce me to this deed of hell!" He threw the phial out of the window, so that it broke into a thousand pieces upon the stone pavement, and an odour of bitter almonds rose and scented the chamber. The little Rasmus had run away affrighted.

Erasmus passed the day upon the rack; at length midnight came, and Giulietta's portrait again presented itself in glowing colours to his imagination. Once in his presence a necklace broke, composed of those little red berries which the ladies wear for beads; gathering up the berries, he secreted one, because it had lain on Giulietta's neck, and had carefully preserved it ever since; he

now took this berry out of his pocket, and gazing fixedly on it, directed his whole mind and thoughts to his lost mistress. "Alas! Giulietta," sighed he, "I must see thee once again, and then perish!" He had scarcely uttered this ejaculation when he heard footsteps approaching through the corridor; then a gentle tap at the door of his chamber. Breathless with hope and fear he lifted the latch, and Giulietta entered, arrayed in all her beauty and loveliness. He caught her in his arms. "Here I am, my love," said she, softly; "only see how faithfully I have preserved your reflection!" She uncovered the looking-glass, and Erasmus beheld with rapture, his image embracing Giulietta, but as before it was totally independent of himself. Erasmus shuddered. "Giulietta," cried he, "shall I go mad with love for you? Give me back the reflection—take myself, with body, and life, and soul." "There is something yet between us, dear Erasmus—you know—has not Dapertutto told you?" "For heaven's sake, Giulietta, if I can be thine by no other means, let me rather die?" "No, Erasmus, the doctor shall not seduce you to the commission of such a deed. But it is truly grievous that an oath, and the priest's benediction, have such power; you must burst the bonds, however, or else you can never be entirely mine, and there is a better mean than that proposed by Dapertutto." "In what does that consist?" Here Giulietta threw her arms around his neck, and resting her head upon his breast, whispered softly, "You shall write your name, Erasmus Spikher, under these few words: I give my good friend, Dapertutto, power over my wife and child, that he may deal with them entirely as he will, and loosen the bonds which bind me, because I will belong in future, with my body and my immortal soul to Giulietta, whom I have chosen for my wife, and to whom I will bind myself by a peculiar oath." A death-like shudder thrilled his nerves; Giulietta's kisses

of fire inflamed him to madness. He held the paper which she had given him in his hand. Suddenly, Dapertutto started up in a gigantic form behind Giulietta, and handed him a metallic pen. At the same instant a vein burst in Erasmus' left wrist, and the blood spurted out. "Dip—dip—sign—sign!" screamed the red giant. "Sign! sign! my eternal, my only love!" whispered Giulietta.

He had filled the pen with blood and was about to put it to the paper, when the room door opened and a figure in white stalked in; she fixed her glassy eyes upon Erasmus, and exclaimed in a tone of anguish, "Erasmus! what are you about to do? For heaven's sake desist from the abominable deed." Erasmus, recognizing his wife in the phantom-like form, threw the paper and pen away from him. Lightnings darted out of Giulietta's eyes—her countenance was hideously distorted—her form a flame of fire. "Away from me, imps of Satan! In the name of the just God, away from me, thou serpent! hell glows in thee!" Thus cried Erasmus, thrusting Giulietta away with a powerful arm, for she still held him in her loathsome embrace. Hideous howlings and shrieks were now heard, and a noise resembling the fluttering of a raven's wings, while Giulietta and Dapertutto vanished in an offensive vapour, which seemed to issue from the walls, extinguishing the lights.

At length the ruddy rays of morning shot through the windows, and Spikher repaired to his wife's apartment. He found her gentle and composed; the little Rasmus, too, was cheerful, and seated upon his mother's bed; the wife offered her hand to her exhausted husband, saying, "I am now acquainted with all the evil that befel you in Italy, and I pity you from my heart. The power of the enemy is great, and as he is

addicted to every possible crime, so he is a great thief, and could not withstand the desire of cheating you out of your beautiful reflection."

"Do but look in the glass yonder, my dear." Spikher obeyed her with a pitiable look, and trembling at every joint. The glass was blank and clear—no Erasmus Spikher looked from out it. "This time," continued his wife, "it is fortunate that the glass does not reflect your image, for you look very silly, dear Erasmus. However, you are aware that a man without a reflection must be an object of ridicule, and cannot be a reputable man of family, inspiring his wife and children with respect. Little Rasmus laughs at you already, and will soon paint you a beard and mustachios with coal, because you cannot perceive it;—therefore wander about the world a little longer, and try opportunely to win back your reflection from the devil; when you have recovered it you shall be heartily welcome to me. Kiss me—(Spikher did it) and now, a pleasant journey. Send Rasmus a new pair of trousers now and then, for he slides about a good deal upon his knees and wears out a great many. And when you come to Nuremburg, add a pretty toy and a spice cake, like a loving father!—Farewell, dear Erasmus."

The wife turned round and composed herself to sleep. Spikher took up the little Rasmus in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom, but as the boy screamed a good deal, he sat him down again, and went out to wander to and fro in the wide world.

He afterwards met with a certain Peter Schlemihl, who had sold his shadow; they agreed to travel in company, so that Erasmus Spikher might cast the necessary shadow, and Peter Schlemihl give the requisite reflection; however, it came to nothing.

INCH-CRUIIN, THE ISLAND OF THE AFFLICTED.

BEAUTIFUL by nature is Inch-Cruin, with its bays, rocks, and woods, as any isle that hangs its shadow over the deeps; but human sorrows have steeped it in eternal gloom, and terribly is it haunted to every imagination. Here no woodman's hut peeps from the glade—here are not seen the branching antlers of the deer moving among the boughs that stir not—no place of peace is this where the world-weary hermit sits penitent in his cell, and prepares his soul for Heaven. Its inhabitants are a woeful people, and all its various charms are hidden from their eyes, or seen in ghastly transfiguration. For here, beneath the yew-tree's shade, sit moping, or roam about with rueful lamentation, the soul-distracted and the insane! Ay—these sweet and pleasant murmurs break round a Lunatic Asylum!

And the shadows that are now and then seen among the umbrage are laughing or weeping in the eclipse of reason, and may never know again aught of the real character of this world, to which, exiled as they are from it, they are yet bound by the ties of a common nature, that, although sorely deranged, are not wholly broken, and still separate them by an awful depth of darkness from the beasts that perish!

Thither, love, yielding reluctantly at last to despair, has consented that the object on which all its wise solitudes had for years been unavailingly bestowed both night and day, should be rowed over, perhaps at midnight, and when asleep, and left there with beings like itself, all dimly conscious of their doom. To many such the change may often bring little or no heed—for outward things

may have ceased to impress, and they may be living in their own rueful world, different from all that we hear or behold. To some it may seem that they have been spirited away to another state of existence,—beautiful, indeed, and fair to see, with all those lovely trees and shadows of trees,—but still a miserable, a most miserable place, without one face they ever saw before, and haunted by glaring eyes that shoot forth fear, suspicion, and hatred. Others, again, there are, who know well the misty head of Ben-Lomond, which, with joyful pleasure-parties set free from the city, they had in other years exultingly scaled, and looked down, perhaps, in a solemn pause of their youthful ecstasy, on the far-off and melancholy Inch-Cruin! Thankful are they for such a haven at last—for they are remote from the disturbance of the incomprehensible life that bewildered them, and from the pity of familiar faces, that was more than could be borne!

So let us float upon our own behind the shadow of this rock, nor approach nearer the sacred retreat of misery! Let us not gaze too intently into the glades, for we might see some figure there who wished to be seen nevermore, and recognize in the hurrying shadow the living remains of a friend. How profound the hush! No sigh—no groan—no shriek—no voice—no tossing of arms—no restless chafing of feet! God in mercy has for a while calmed the congregation of the afflicted, and the Isle is overspread with a sweet Sabbath-silence. What medicine for them like the breath of heaven—the dew—the sunshine—and the murmur of the wave! Nature herself is their kind physician, and sometimes not unfrequently brings them by her holy skill back to the world of clear intelligence and serene affection. They listen calmly to the blessed sound of the oar that brings a visit of friends—to sojourn with them for a day—or to take them away to another retirement, where they, in restored reason, may sit around the

board, nor fear to meditate during the midnight watches on the dream, which, although dispelled, may in all its ghastliness return.

Methinks I see sitting in his narrow and low-roofed cell, careless of food, dress, sleep, or shelter alike, him who in the opulent mart of commerce was one of the most opulent, and devoted heart and soul to show and magnificence. His house was like a palace with its pictured and mirror'd walls, and the nights wore away to dance, revelry and song. Fortune poured riches at his feet, which he had only to gather up; and every enterprise in which he took part prospered beyond the reach of imagination. But all at once—as if lightning had struck the dome of his prosperity, and earthquake let down its foundations, it sank, crackled, and disappeared—and the man of a million was a houseless and bankrupt beggar. In one day his proud face changed into the ghastly smiling of an idiot—he dragged his limbs in paralysis—and slavered out unmeaning words foreign to all the pursuits in which his active intellect had for many years been plunged. All his relations,—to whom it was known he had never shown kindness,—were persons in humble condition. Ruined creditors we do not expect to be very pitiful, and people asked what was to become of him till he died. A poor creature, whom he had seduced and abandoned to want, but who had succeeded to a small property on the death of a distant relation, remembered her first, her only love, when all the rest of the world were willing to forget him; and she it was who had him conveyed thither, herself sitting in the boat with her arm round the unconscious idiot, who now vegetates on the charity of her whom he betrayed. For fifteen years he has continued to exist in the same state, and you may pronounce his name on the busy Exchange of the city where he flourished and fell, and haply the person you speak to shall have entirely forgotten it.

The evils genius sometimes brings to its possessor have often been said and sung, perhaps with exaggeration, but not always without truth. It is found frequently apart from prudence and principle, and in a world constituted like ours, how can it fail to reap a harvest of misery or death? A fine genius, and even a high, had been bestowed on One who is now an inmate of that cottage-cell, peering between these two rocks. At College, he outstripped all his competitors by powers equally versatile and profound,—the first both in intellect and in imagination. He was a poor man's son—the only son of a working carpenter—and his father intended him for the church. But the youth soon felt that to him the trammels of a strict faith would be unbearable, and he lived on from year to year, uncertain what profession to choose. Meanwhile his friends, all inferior to him in talents and acquirements, followed the plain, open, and beaten path, that leads sooner or later to respectability and independence. He was left alone in his genius, useless, although admired,—while those who had looked in high hopes on his early career, began to have their fears that they might never be realized. His first attempts to attract the notice of the public, although not absolute failures—for some of his compositions, both in prose and verse, were indeed beautiful—were not triumphantly successful, and he began to taste the bitterness of disappointed ambition. His wit and colloquial talents carried him into the society of the dissipated and the licentious, and before he was aware of the fact, he had got the character of all others the most humiliating, that of a man who knew not how to estimate his own worth, nor to preserve it from pollution. He found himself silently and gradually excluded from the higher circle which he had once adorned, and sunk inextricably into a lower grade of social life. His whole habits became loose and irregular; his studies were pursued but by fits and starts;

his knowledge, instead of keeping pace with that of the times, became clouded and obscure, and even diminished; his dress was meaner; his manners hurried, and reckless, and wild, and ere long he became a slave to drunkenness, and then to every low and degrading vice.

His father died, it was said, of a broken heart, for to him his son had been all in all, and the unhappy youth felt that the death lay at his door. At last, shunned by most—tolerated but by a few for the sake of other times—domiciled in the haunts of infamy—loaded with a heap of palty debts, and pursued by the hounds of the law, the fear of a prison drove him mad, and his whole mind was utterly and hopelessly overthrown. A few of the friends of his boyhood raised a subscription in his behoof—and within the gloom of these woods he has been shrouded for many years, but not unvisited once or twice a summer by some one, who knew, loved, and admired him in the morning of that genius that long before its meridian brightness had been so fatally eclipsed.

And can it be in cold and unpassioned words like these that I thus speak of Thee and thy doom, thou Soul of fire, and once the brightest of the free privileged by nature to walk along the mountain-ranges, and mix their spirits with the stars! Can it be that all thy glorious aspirations, by thyself forgotten, have no dwelling-place in the memory of one who loved thee so well, and had his deepest affection so profoundly returned! Thine was a heart once tremulously alive to all the noblest and finest sympathies of our nature, and the humblest human sensibilities became beautiful when tinged by the light of thy imagination. Thy genius invested the most ordinary objects with a charm not their own: and the vision it created thy lips were eloquent to disclose. What although thy poor old father died, because by thy hand all his hopes were shivered, and for thy sake poverty stripped even the coverlet from his dying bed

—yet I feel as if some dreadful destiny, rather than thy own crime, blinded thee to his fast decay, and closed thine ears in deafness to his beseeching prayer. Oh! charge not to creatures such as we all the fearful consequences of our misconduct and evil ways! We break hearts we would die to heal—and hurry on, towards the grave those whom to save we would leap into the devouring fire! Many wondered in their anger that thou couldst be so callous to the old man's grief—and couldst walk tearless at his coffin. The very night of the day he was buried thou wert among thy wild companions, in a house of infamy, close to the wall of the churchyard. Was not that enough to tell us all that disease was in thy brain, and that reason, struggling with insanity, had changed sorrow to despair. But perfect forgiveness—forgiveness made tender by profoundest pity—was finally extended to thee by all thy friends—fiar and erring like thyself in many things, although not so fatally misled and lost, because in the mystery of Providence not so irresistibly tried. And hath any peace come to thee—a youth no more—but in what might have been the prime of manhood, bent down, they say, to the ground, with a head all floating with silver hairs,—hath any peace come to thy distracted soul in these woods, over which there now seems again to brood a holy horror? Yes—thy fine dark eyes are not wholly without intelligence as they look on the sun, moon, and stars; although all their courses seem now confused to thy imagination, once regular and ordered in their magnificence before that intellect which science claimed as her own. The harmonies of nature are not all lost on thy ear, poured forth throughout all seasons, over the world of sound and sight. Glimpses of beauty startle thee as thou wanderest along the shore of thy prison-isle; and that fine poetical genius, not yet extinguished altogether, although faint and flickering, gives vent to something like snatches of songs, and

broken elegies, that seem to wail over the ruins of thy own soul! Such peace as ever visits them, afflicted as thou art, be with thee in cell or on shore; nor lost to heaven will be the wild moanings of—to us—thy unintelligible prayers!

But hark to the spirit-stirring voice of the bugle, scaling the sky, and leaping up and down in echoes among the distant mountains! Such a strain animates the voltigeur, skirmishing in front of the line of battle, or sending flashes of sudden death from the woods. Alas! for him who now deludes his yet high heart with a few notes of the music, that so often was accompanied by his sword waving on to glory! Unappalled was he ever in the whizzing and hissing fire—nor did his bold broad breast ever shrink from the bayonet, that with the finished fencer's art he has often turned aside when red with death. In many of the pitched battles of the Spanish campaigns his plume was conspicuous over the dark green lines, that, breaking asunder in fragments, like those of the flowing sea, only to readvance over the bloody fields, cleared the ground that was to be debated between the great armaments. Yet in all such desperate service he never received one single wound. But on a mid-day march, as he was gaily singing a love-song, the sun smote him to the very brain, and from that moment his right hand grasped the sword no more!

Not on the face of all the earth—or of all the sea—is there a spot of profounder peace, than that isle that has long been his abode! But to him all the scene is alive with the pomp of war. Every far-off precipice is a fort, that has its own Spanish name—and the cloud above seems to his eyes the tricolor, or the flag of his own victorious country. War, that dread game that nations play at, is now to the poor insane soldier a mere child's pastime, from which sometimes he himself will turn with a sigh or a smile. For sense assails him in his delirium, for a moment and no

more; and he feels that he is far away, and for ever, from all his companions in glory, in an Asylum that must be left but for the grave! Perhaps in such moments he may have remembered the night, when at Badajos he led the forlorn hope; but even forlorn hope now hath he none, and he sinks away back into his delusion, at which even his brother-sufferers smile—so foolish does the restless campaigner seem to these men of peace!

Lo! a white ghost-like figure, slowly issuing from the trees, and sitting herself down on a stone, with face fixed on the waters! Now she is so perfectly still, that had we not seen her motion thither, she and the rock would have seemed but one! Somewhat fantastically dressed, even in her apparent despair! Were we close to her, we should see a face yet beautiful, beneath hair white as snow. Her voice too, but seldom heard, is still sweet and low; and sometimes, when all are asleep, or at least silent, she begins at midnight to sing! She yet touches the guitar—an instrument in fashion in Scotland when she led the fashion—with infinite grace and delicacy—and the songs she loves best are those in a foreign tongue. For more than thirty years hath the unfortunate lady come to the water's edge daily, and hour after hour continued to sit motionless on that self-same stone, looking down into the loch. Her story is now almost like a dim tradition from other ages, and the history of those who come here often fades away into nothing. Everywhere else they are

forgotten—here there are none who can remember. Who once so beautiful as the "Fair Portuguese?" It was said at that time that she was a Nun—but the sacred veil was drawn aside by the hand of love, and she came to Scotland with her deliverer! Yes, her deliverer! He delivered her from the gloom—often the peaceful gloom that hovers round the altar of Superstition—and after a few years of love, and life, and joy—she sat where you now see her sitting, and the world she had adorned moved on in brightness and in music as before! Since there has to her been so much suffering—was there on her part no sin? No—all believed her to be guiltless, except one, whose jealousy would have seen falsehood lurking in an angel's eyes; but she was utterly deserted; and being in a strange country, worse than an orphan, her mind gave way; for say not—oh say not—that innocence can always stand against shame and despair! The hymns she sings at midnight are hymns to the Virgin; but all her songs are songs about love, and chivalry, and knights that went crusading to the Holy Land. He who brought her from another sanctuary into the one now before us, has been dead many years. He perished in shipwreck—and 'tis thought that she sits there gazing down into the loch, as on the place where he sank or was buried; for when told that he was drowned, she shrieked, and made the sign of the cross—and that stone has in all weathers been her dearest seat since that long-ago day!

THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

The Atheneum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines (1817-1833); Feb 1, 1827; 6, 9;
American Periodicals
pg. 355

THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

IN the *Causes Célèbres*, we find the following romantic story related as having actually occurred in Franco, and been the cause of a judicial proceeding in the courts of that country; with what truth will be afterwards seen.

“ Two merchants, living in the

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street St. Honorius, were connected with each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortunes, and both engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son, who, in his turn, was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits authorized by both fathers, who with pleasure observed the disposition of their children exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues made his addresses to the lady as a lover. The delusive charms of a superior fortune soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son, and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and, like a virtuous woman, discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such.

"We may readily suppose her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance, he raised her from her tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life.

"The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her lethargic paroxysm. It was no hard task to make her entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf: so that, when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and, to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love.

"About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened: but as fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapturous love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well-known person made such an impression on his mind that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accosted her, but, notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning.

"As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorized to decide in similar cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her. To no purpose did he represent, that without the measures taken by himself, the

lady would have been rotting in her grave,—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons, suggested by love, which is always ingenious where it is sincere. But, perceiving that the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and, accordingly, made his escape along with the lady to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits.”

Some defects in the story, as thus given, will at once occur to every one. It is not said *when* it happened, or *what court* it came before; and to account for the want of any record of the judgment pronounced on the case, the parties are made to evade judgment by flying into a foreign country. It is, in fact, altogether, but an imperfect version of the incident which is said to have really occurred, not any where in France, but at Florence, during the great plague, in the year 1600. Domenico Maria Manni, who relates the story, says, that the sepulchre in which the lady was entombed alive was “pointed out even in his day;” and that the path by which she returned to the land of the living had, from this event, received, and was still known by the *Way of Death*. The name of the Florentine heroine was Ginevra de Amieri, and that of her lover Antonio Rondinelli. A father’s tyranny, as in the French story, separated those whom nature seemed to have destined for each other; “bathed in tears, Ginevra received the wedding-ring from the hand of a man who had no place in her heart.” On the breaking out of the plague, shortly after, she becomes ill, dies (to all appearance), and is buried the same day; “the law,” says Manni, “not, perhaps, then existing, which requires that the dead should be

kept at least twenty-four hours above ground.”—Ginevra’s lover does not, like the Gaul, disinter her on a mere speculation of restoring her to life—a clumsy and improbable contrivance; but, in the dead of night, Ginevra herself awakes in the tomb, to all the horrors of her situation, forces her way out, and, as becomes a dutiful wife, (albeit in her shroud) hastens to her still weeping and disconsolate husband. A succession of adventures now awaits the wife alive again, which form, indeed, an admirable foundation for a *cause célèbre*, although they do not appear to have been so esteemed by the French compiler, who has given the story a turn which excludes them entirely. On knocking at the door of her husband, he looks out from the window, and, terrified at the sight of what he conceives to be the **ghost** of his departed wife, he hastily conjures it to depart in peace, and, before there is time to undeceive him, shuts the window, and will not face the spirit again. Dreadfully shocked at this reception, poor Ginevra has scarcely life and strength enough left to reach her father’s house; but there also her appearance produces only terror and dismay, and a second time she is dismissed with a *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*. A beloved uncle lived not far distant, and to his door she crawled next. Alas! he is even more frightened than either husband or father; and, instead of the *Go in peace, blessed Spirit*, he is only able to stammer out some unintelligible ejaculations, while he slaps the door in her face. Ginevra could bear this denying of house and home no longer; she sunk on the ground “under the little terrace of St. Bartholomew,” and fell as if she was now about to die in good earnest. A thought of her first lover, Rondinelli, now crossed her mind. “Ah!” sighed she, “he surely would not have thus turned me away.” The idea, gave, happily, a reviving turn to her thoughts. “And why,” said she, “may I not try whether he will receive me now,

that every one else rejects me?" The way was long to his house; but, gathering strength from the new hopes which began to animate her, she gained his threshold, and knocked. Rondinelli himself opened the door. He also thought the figure before him some unearthly visitant, but nothing dismayed, asked it calmly "Whose spirit it was?" and "What it wanted?" Ginevra, tearing aside the shroud from her face, exclaimed, with an agonized voice, "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, but who was buried—buried alive!" She could say no more, but dropped senseless into his arms. Rondinelli, whom one moment had made the most astonished, delighted, and yet alarmed of human beings, soon brought the whole of his family around the fair sufferer by his cries and exclamations. She was instantly put into a warm bed, and, with the help of proper restoratives, was, next day, able to join the family circle of her lover, and in a few days more was as healthy and blooming as ever! What was now to be done? Was Ginevra to return to the husband from whom the grave had separated her, and to whom she had never been attached? or was she to find a new one in the man she had first and always loved, and who had received her into his arms when all the rest of the world had, as it were, cast her out? Love and gratitude decided the question; and, with the consent and privity of Rondinelli's nearest relations, the two lovers were made one. Unlike the hero

and heroine of the French tale, they fled not, however, to a foreign land to conceal their loves; for, on the first Sunday after their nuptials, they appeared publicly together at the Cathedral of Florence. The friends of Ginevra instantly recognizing her, were confounded with astonishment; they crowded around her, and, as curiosity and affection dictated, showered on her their questions and congratulations. She explained to them the various circumstances attending her resuscitation; reminded them how one after another they had turned her from their doors; and declared that when thus rejected and disowned by her husband and kindred, she had found a protector (taking Rondinelli by the hand,) in one to whom all her love and all her duty were now transferred. Her first husband, however, having no mind to be thus discaided, insisted strongly on his previous right, a right which, as he alleged, nothing but death *in earnest* could dissolve. An appeal was made to the bishop, with whom it lay to decide in such matters. The case was solemnly argued before him; and, to conclude the striking differences between the Italian story and the French version of it,—neither did the lovers evade the decision, nor had they any occasion to evade it. The bishop (Oh! most excellent bishop!) decided, that, under all circumstances, the first husband had forfeited all right, not only to the person of Ginevra, but to the dowry he had received with her, which he was ordered to pay over to Rondinelli.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE LAST DAY OF THE LAST YEAR.

I DON'T believe any body in England was sorry to see the end of Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-six, that year of distress and distrust; when the "fountains" of national credit were almost "broken up;" when a man who was worth a million one day became a beggar the next; when our merchants, our sturdy native oaks, were scathed by the lightnings of the unexpected storm, nay, some of them almost uprooted; when the innocent fell with the guilty, in undistinguishable ruin; when the man of no principle triumphed over the destruction of the man of honour; when the want of money was so much the *fashion*, that nobody was ashamed to acknowledge the possession of an empty purse.

Two-thirds of the people of England felt the shock of the overwhelming tempest; and for the rest, they were afraid lest the visitation should reach them also. Sad, disastrous year! when literature languished, the arts drooped, and even the Muses were silent; when the produce of our verdant fields was scorched by almost Indian heats; when nothing was heard but complaints of drought and forebodings of famine. However, 'tis gone with all its pains. Its last day is the only one of the three hundred and sixty-five that I wish to remember; and although we have travelled thus far on the road to the end of another year, I can still, in imagination, hear the bells as they rung out the old one on the night of the thirty-first of December.

Ding, dong, 'twas a merry peal! How clear they sounded through the frosty air! I listened to them with only one regret; they had rung for Rose Donaldson's wedding on the morning of the same day. Rose passed the last few months of her unmarried life amongst her Longbrook friends; she is now united to the man of her heart, and out of reach in a far distant country. We were all sorry to part with her, and it was among the miseries of eighteen hundred and twenty-six that we should lose her, for she was the life of our circle. I well remember the sensation she created when she first came amongst us. The arrival of a belle from London, duly announced, was an event of some importance; we were on the look-out for a fresh supply of fashion, and new patterns of every thing *wearable*, (for, notwithstanding the laudable efforts of the *Repository* and *La Belle Assemblée* to simplify the mysteries of the newest modes, by coloured engravings and notes explanatory, there is nothing like a real well-dressed belle to assist the dull apprehensions of us country-women;) we looked for airs from the last opera; for a new stock of puzzles, games, and knick-knacks, such as are born, and in a few days die, in whim-loving London, then, after a long sleep, are brought to life again in towns so remote as ours, as something novel and ingenious. All these pleasurable anticipations were mingled with something like a fear that the expected visitor might look down upon some of our out-of-date customs with a metropolitan contempt, which it would not be very agreeable to bear. However, fear fled at the sight of Rose; there was nothing but glee at Longbrook while she sojourned there. Of fashion we had enough, and she became our *arbitræ elegantiarum*. She wore a pink silk Margaret de Valois hat, voted by the men, "bewitching," and consequently copied by half our mademoiselles; one, two, three, four pink hats, I can positively reckon up this minute; a very pretty dvery, it must be allowed, but, unfortunately, the hat was becoming to only about one in three of those who adopted it. But the system of *aping* was carried still further, for Rose was petitioned for pieces of her different dresses, that the fair copyists might obtain materials exactly similar: her very

shoe was imitated, her Cinderella shoe, although there is not a foot, alas! in Longbrook that could find its way into it. Indeed, Miss Donaldson's fashion was the prevailing theme for a whole month: "She divides her curls on the temple; she ties her sash on the left side; Miss Donaldson wears this, and that, and the other." Nay, I do not doubt but that the duplicates of every article of her attire may still be found in the wardrobes of most of our resident young ladies.

Every body agreed in thinking her a delightful creature: yet no one could tell precisely what it was in Rose that so charmed them. "She has not," said the gentlemen, "one feature that can be called beautiful, scarcely pretty, but she has the sweetest countenance! Her figure is too small to be dignified, too large to be minutely delicate: yet what an air she has! a perfect sylph!" "Miss Donaldson," said the ladies, "'is a proficient in nothing; her drawings are *mediocre*, her singing is the wildest melody, and the deficiency of her piano-forte accompaniment is generally acknowledged: still she contrives to put us all in the back ground; and while Rose is sure of listeners to her simplest ballad, Miss Nightingale, the scientific Miss Nightingale, warbles to the winds." But, wonderful to relate, her superiority did not bring with it the usual tax of envy, and "all uncharitableness;" she had no occasion to "look down on the hate of those below," although she "surpassed" woman and "subdued mankind."

The secret of her happy exemption from such evils was, that a natural *gaieté de cœur*, a sort of "take the world easy" disposition, enabled her to tinge every thing with *couleur de rose*; like the bee, she could extract honey from the humblest blossom, and consequently was so easily pleased with every body, that every body was pleased with her. She came apparently determined to take us as she found us, and in a few days was so much at home that she could find her way to every house in the neighbourhood, and had made her way to the hearts of their inmates. With hearts, indeed, she made sad havoc. It was known she was an only child, and conclusions were drawn which, as it often happens, proves wrong, that she had, or soon would have, a fortune at her disposal. The beaux were all eager to gain a prize, in whom wit and elegance were combined with supposed wealth. Mr. Lovegold "marked her for his own." Poor man! how came he to fancy that he could ever make an impression on Rose Donaldson? She, the very emblem of whim, "taking no thought for to-morrow;" he, the imago of "carking care;" for, notwithstanding all his arts, his studied lively manners, he cannot hide that love "delights not him," but Mammon rather. How it came about, I cannot tell; whether because his house was nearer to Fair-Hill than any other, or whether Rose was desirous of producing such an anomaly in nature as a miser in love, but it so happened, that Mr. Lovegold accompanied her in her walks oftener than any other of her numerous admirers. Perhaps the true cause might be found in her love of fun, and the delight she felt in "fooling" her lover "up to his bent." It was soon reported that she was to become a permanent ornament to the neighbourhood; for be it known, that if two unmarried people are seen arm in arm in any of the walks surrounding Longbrook, it is immediately settled that they will marry each other sooner or later.

Mr. Lovegold imagined he was deceiving her, and that she was over head and ears in love; but she took an early opportunity of undeceiving him, of

hinting that a half-pay army captain, (such was her father,) had few opportunities of acquiring fortunes for his children. I have since heard her remark, that this gentle intimation acted like an electric shock upon her swain; his habitual smile vanished, and his lips became compressed into a most Shylock-like expression; his soft flowing speech suddenly halted, and he became thoughtful and abstracted. "He raised his hat 'from his head,'" said Rose, "made me a cool bow at parting, and since that happy hour I have not been annoyed with any of Mr. Lovegold's particular attentions." The worst of it was, he had the audacity to say, "she was *au desespoir*;" but it could not be—nice girl, but no fortune." Indeed, so much does credulity lean to the side of scandal, that Rose certainly laboured under a suspicion of "setting her cap" to no purpose. But she made no trouble of what she could plainly see through, and moreover she was wicked enough to favour such an idea herself. Time, however, which proves all things, presently convinced Mr. Lovegold that a young *militaire* might rival even his pretensions. Frederick G's arrival did dissipate the mists that obscured the optics of our match-makers; they put on their spectacles, and discovered that Frederick G. and Rose were born for each other. The fact was they had been *all but* engaged before Rose left town, and his visit to Longbrook was for the purpose of putting a finishing stroke to the business, as his regiment had received orders to embark for India. Then came the gossips' commentaries on the arrangement: "What a pity," said they, "that she should make such a sacrifice! He has only his commission, and she is going to destroy her health in India, with no better prospect than to live on love and glory." Then followed prognostications of sickness and death, which the prophets were sure would be realized before she had been at Calcutta a month. But an old aunt made her exit, and the scene shifted: the value of these ancient family appendages is never felt till they are no more. "Nothing in her life became her like the leaving it," for she made Frederick her heir to an immenso estate.

The intelligence of this unlooked for *windfall* reached him during his visit at Fair-Hill, and it may be believed it was received as the consummation of all his wishes. As for Rose, she heard the news with perfect composure: she had determined to marry Frederick, "richer or poorer;" and whether he was the one or the other was of no importance in her opinion. If she had any feeling on the subject, it was that of disappointment; the romance of her situation was over; there was no cause now for her leaving friends and country for Frederick's sake; and, worse than all, he must give up his waving plumes, and his dashing coat. She might now settle quietly at Old-Hall, —shire, too far from London to ensure frequent visits. "Why this," said she, "will be dreadfully barbarous! I hope Frederick will not hunt much; for I shall have Aunt Bridget's ghost before my eyes daily if he leaves me much alone."

With the aid of a little poetical description, such as the unequalled beauty of Old-Hall, and the charming society surrounding it, she became somewhat reconciled to her undesired riches; and the vast importance which they gave her in the eyes of her Longbrook friends amused her infinitely, so that she forgave Aunt Bridget for cheating her of her Indian trip, and Frederick of his regimentals.—Wherever she appeared now she was welcomed with the most profound respect, instead of the usual friendly familiarity, and she was treated with all the consideration due to a "lady engaged to a gentleman of large fortune."

"Come," she would say, "poor Rose did very well, but rich Rose does better—the good people

* He who ascends the mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wept in clouds of snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Lord Byron's *Child's Harard*.

worship me like the golden calf. O the Jews! Well, I shall have my revenge on that dolt Lovegold, who they tell me is already repenting that he did not make me an offer, (being sure of being accepted of course,) since I have brought Frederick such good luck—I believe he thinks I am possessed of the philosopher's stone!" Weeks rolled on, when about the middle of December it was known that Miss Donaldson would leave Fair-Hill no more; that Christmas-day, and its subsequent feasting over, she would be married at Longbrook church; and that her wedding would be more splendid than any that had been consummated in that ancient edifice since Sir Hildebrand Richold led the great heiress, Miss Cashaman, to its altar. "And that is a long time ago," said Mrs. Chronicle, "for I can but just remember old Sir Hildebrand; and I am not young." Well, it was as gay a wedding as the gayest could wish for; the sun shone as brilliantly as he could in our wayward climate through a December sky; and though there were but few flowers wherewith to strew the bride's path, there were unfading laurels and evergreens in plenty, amongst which the mistletoe made a conspicuous figure. I cannot tax my memory with the number of carriages that swelled the procession, I must leave that to Mrs. Chronicle; but I recollect that the bride was not attired *entirely* in white, to the great discomfiture of her elderly female friends, who considered it a bad omen: yet whether the dress was particularly becoming to her, or whether the elegance was a *set-off* to the dress, I cannot say, but I thought she outdid herself that morning.

Then we had a grand *dejeuner a la fourchette* at Fair-Hill—quite bridish—white—white—even the Westphalia ham was decorated with white satin riband; there was enough wedding-cake to bring plenty of fees to the doctor, packets of which were drawn through the ring, to aid and abet the dreams of our fair candidates for matrimony; there were gloves, silver favours, and numberless other *prettinesses*, all of which Mrs. Chronicle has noted particularly in her diary. The bride's complimentary cards were allowed by our severest critics to be strictly conformable to fashionable etiquette, and singularly elegant in their form, size, and ornaments; these are weighty matters!

Nobody complained of not receiving a proper proportion of cake at the proper hour; for not even Mr. Lovegold was forgotten. In short, Mr. and Mrs. G. "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," and started from Longbrook with the greatest *eclat*, and in possession of more friends and fewer enemies than any two people who ever before quitted it. Their example, I think, has somewhat improved our notions of matrimony; we begin to talk of "matches made in heaven;" of the insufficiency of riches alone to insure happiness. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," is a passage now frequently quoted by Miss Prosy.

"Make your fortune before you take your wife," used to be the maxim of our bachelors; but, on reviewing several matches now on the *tapis*, all of which had their beginnings at Rose Donaldson's wedding, I argue that they have discovered, that the way to "make your fortune is to take a wife."